Methodist Magazine and Review.

JANUARY, 1904.

BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."*

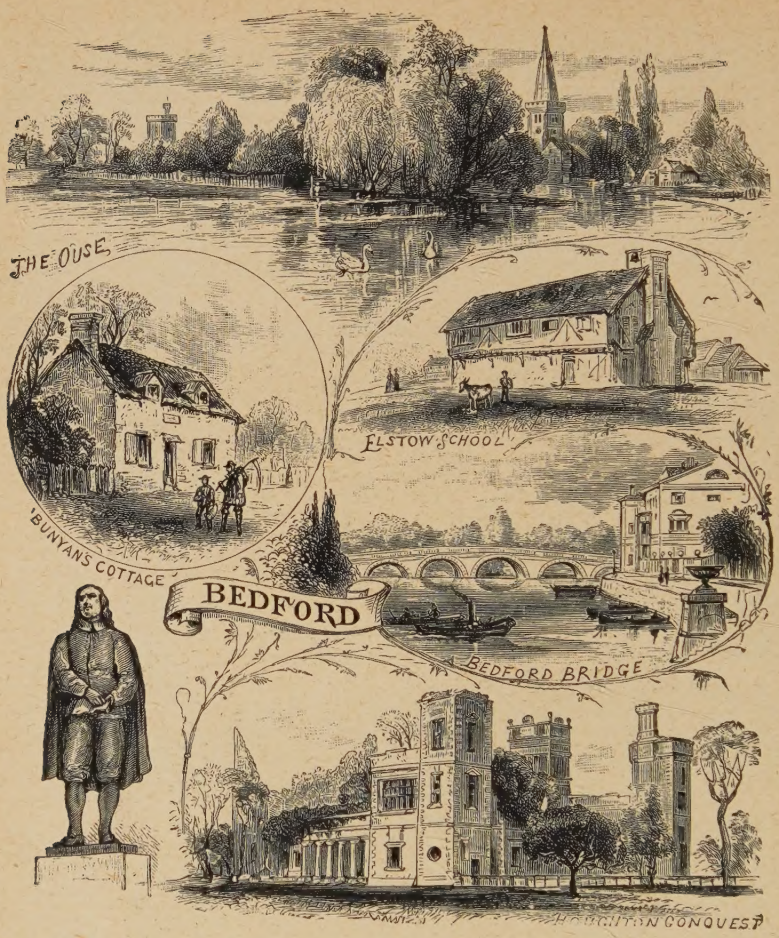
BY THE EDITOR.

BUNYAN'S immortal allegory has been translated into more languages than any other book save the Holy Bible. The "Pilgrim's Progress" was the noblest flower in prose, as "Paradise Lost" was in verse, of the Puritan period in Britain. Bunyan wrote out of his own experience and painted things as he saw them. Great-Heart was one of the Cromwellian Ironsides. Judge Hate-Good was probably the brutal Jeffreys himself, before whom godly Mr. Baxter and many other Puritans, and possibly Bunyan himself were arraigned. Vanity Fair describes the orgies of the Restoration; Evangelist, the Interpreter, Faithful and Hopeful were godly Puritan ministers of the type of Bunyan himself. It is fitting, therefore, that the illustrations of this great book should be in the Puritan costume, and representing the Puritan character—the noble and earnest-minded men, the stalwart, iron-clad soldiers of God, the sweet-faced, modest-garbed women who helped them bear and dare their arduous fight.

Mr. Copping's pictures reflect the very spirit of the times—the burdened Pilgrim, and the quaint characters he meets—Talkative, Demas, Mr. Brisk, Mr. Fearing, Mr. Honest, and Miss Despondency. The artist is specially happy in his representations of the pious Puritan women—Christiana, Mercy, and the gentle sisterhood who live for ever in the pages of this glorious tale. We fear that this immortal work, like "Paradise Lost," is not as familiar to modern readers as to an earlier generation. The sensation novel, the daily paper, the dime magazine, have crowded this better reading out. Such sumptuous illustration and printing as that of this book should make them more familiar.

The great historic interest of the town of Bedford is its association with the memory of John Bunyan, though the actual relics connected with him that survive are not very numerous. The old jail on Bedford Bridge, the "den" where for twelve years he was a prisoner, in which he wrote his immortal work, and where he made tag laces to support his family, has gone; and the Baptist Chapel, in which for seventeen years he ministered as co-pastor with Samuel Fenn, has been rebuilt. The new one, however, contains a chair which was occupied by "the immortal tinker." Some years ago the Duke of Bedford presented to the trustees of the build-

* "The Pilgrim's Progress." By John Bunyan. Puritan Edition. Thirty-one illustrations by Harold Copping. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. 8vo. Pp. 320. Price, $1.50 net.



HOME AND HAUNTS OF BUNYAN.

ing a pair of bronze doors, with a series of panels, representing scenes from "The Pilgrim's Progress," and the town has also been indebted to the Duke for a noble statue of Bunyan by Boehm, who stands on St. Peter's Green, and was unveiled by Dean Stanley.

In the quaint old church is still shown the carved seat in which Bunyan sat and listened to the sermons preached from the old Tudor pulpit. The tower is one of the few in England which stands entirely disconnected from the church. Cut on page 5 shows the belfry door at which Bunyan used often to linger. The old Norman door, with its dog-tooth moulding, dating back probably six centuries or more, is shown in our illustration. Above the door is a carved representation of Christ, having St. Peter with his keys on the right and St. John the Evangelist on the left. In the door is a wicket, which may have suggested the wicket-gate of the allegory.

On this gentle pastoral scenery of the still-flowing Ouse, with its many windings, its pollards, and its moated granges—the soft-rounded hills, the lovely vales, the stately

parks and mansions, the quaint farmsteads and granges, the red-tiled or straw-thatched cottages, the ivy-grown churches, the fields cultivated like a garden, and the hawthorn hedges in full bloom—his eyes have often gazed; and from the soft green sward he may have taken his description of "Bypath Meadow." Strange spell of genius, which makes the name of the Bedford tinker a household word in every land. No writer of the English tongue has won so world-wide a fame, and no book has been printed in so many foreign languages.

BELFRY DOOR, ELSTOW CHURCH.

The principal materials for a sketch of Bunyan's life are drawn largely from his own autobiographical work, "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners." He was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628, and was brought up like his father before him, "a mender of pots and kettles, vulgarly called a tinker." He lived in the most stormy period of English history—the turbulent reign of the first Charles—with the long intestine war and its memorable battles of Edgehill, Naseby, and Marston Moor. Then followed the glorious years of the Protectorate of Cromwell, when the name and fame of England made the Pope tremble in his fortress-palace of the seven-hilled city. Then came the shameful reaction of the Restoration, with its persecution of the saints and

ELSTOW VILLAGE.

reign of wickedness in high places. Amid such world-agitating events was this great soul born and nurtured; and of its varied scenes he has left us striking pictures in his immortal works.

In his twentieth year he married a wife "whose father was counted godly." "We came together as poor as poor could be," he writes, "not having so much household stuffe as a dish or a spoon between us." As his wife's only marriage portion he received two books which her father had cherished—"The Practice of Piety" and "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven.' "These books," he says, "though they did not reach my heart, did light in me some desire to religion." He went with his wife to church twice a day, "yet retaining," he writes, "his wicked life." One Sunday afternoon, while playing ball on Elstow Green, "a voice," he says, "did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell ?'" Conscience keenly upbraided, but he hardened his heart against the voice of God.

"I can but be damned," he said to himself, and I had as good be damned for many sins as for few," and he plunged again into excess of riot.

One day, as he was swearing recklessly, "a woman of the place," he records, "herself a loose and ungodly wretch, protested that I swore and cursed at such a rate that she trembled to hear me." This reproof, like an arrow, pierced his soul, and he struggled against and overcame this wicked habit. But he wallowed long in the Slough of Despond before he reached the solid ground of assured confidence. Dancing, Sunday games, and bell-ringing, which was often accompanied with drinking, were his special besetments. As he hung wistfully about the belfry-door, the thought would haunt his mind, he says, "if the bells should fall and crush me !" Then the terror lest the steeple it-

self should fall made him flee for fear.

One day Bunyan overheard "three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, talking of the things of God." Their pious talk sank into his soul, "shaking it as if his breast-bone were split asunder."

A godly "Master Gifford," who, in his youth, had been a reckless Royalist trooper, was the pastor of a little Baptist flock in Bedford. He was the "Evangelist" of Bunyan's dream, who first pointed the immortal dreamer to the wicket-gate of mercy. Bunyan joined his church, and was formally baptized in the River Ouse, near Bedford Bridge. Soon he began to preach in burning words the great salvation he had experienced. "I preached what I felt," he says; "what I smartingly did feel—even that under which my soul did groan and tremble with astonishment." The Word was attended with power and with converting grace.

In 1660 he was indicted under the wicked laws of the time "as a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles, and as devilishly and pertinaciously abstaining from coming to church." But preach he must and would. "I saw that I was a man," he writes, "who was pulling down his house upon the head of his wife and children." Yet he would not forbear. He was, therefore, condemned to prison for three months, when, if he left not preaching, he was to be banished from the realm, or if found therein, "you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly," quoth the judge. "If out of prison to-day," replied the hero soul, "by God's help I would preach the Gospel again to-morrow." And not for three months, but for twelve long years he languished in that prison, whose horrors, a hundred years later, roused the soul of Howard to the task of reforming the prisons of Europe. His own words are: "So, being delivered up to the jailor's hand, I was had home to prison."

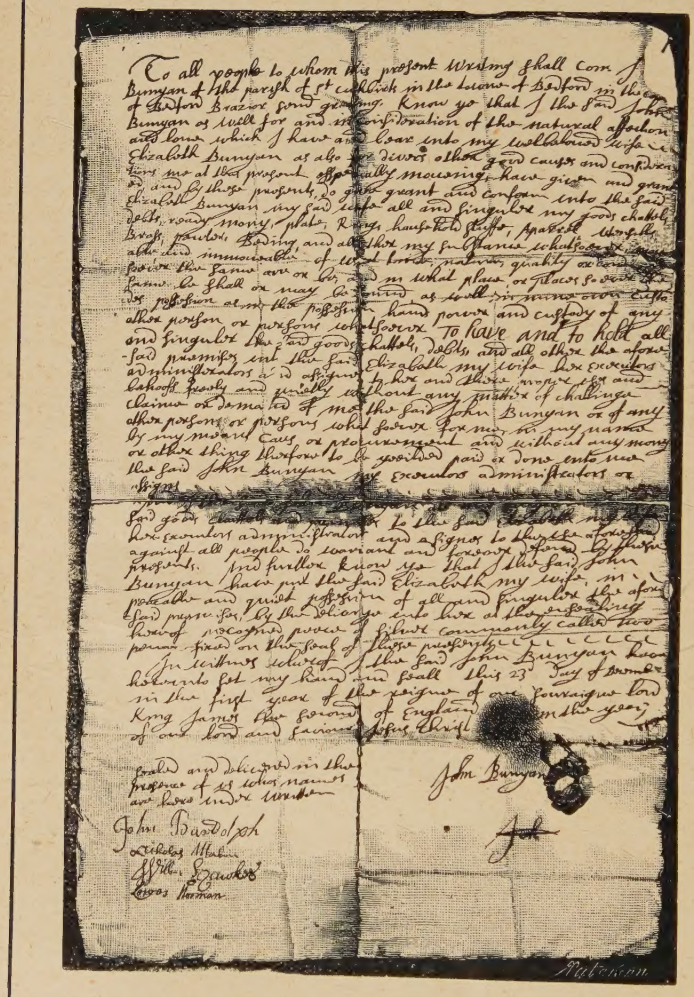
After twelve years the unconquered soul was released, and he was permitted to preach as he chose. While fervent in spirit, the emancipated prisoner was diligent in business. As brazier, as preacher, as author, he laboured to maintain his household,* and do his Master's work. In his secular calling he was highly successful, as is shown by the accompanying deed of gift, in which he makes over to his wife his worldly estate:

"To all people to whom this present writing shall come, I, John Bunyan, of the parish of St. Cuthbert's, in the town of Bedford, in the county of Bedford, Brazier, send greeting: Know ye that I, the said John Bunyan, as well for and in consideration of the natural affection and love which I have and bear unto my well-beloved wife, Elizabeth Bunyan, as also for other good causes and considerations, me at this present moment especially moveing, have given and granted, and by these presents do give, grant, and confirm unto the said Elizabeth Bunyan, my said wife, all and singular my goods, chattels, debts, ready money, plate Rings, household stuffe, Apparrel, utensils, Brass, pewter, Beding, and all other my substance whatsoever, moveable and immovable, of what kinde, nature, quality, or condition soever the same are or be, and in what place or places soever the same be, shall, or may be found, as well in my own custodes, possession, as in the possession, hands, power, and custody of any other person or persons whatsoever. To have and to hold all and singular the said goods, chattels, debts, and all other the aforesaid premises unto the said Elizabeth, my wife, her executors, administrators and assignes, to her and her proper uses and behoofs, freely and quietly, without any matter of challenge."

As a preacher, his rugged eloquence attracted multitudes of hearers. His biographer records that he had seen twelve hundred persons assembled at seven o'clock

*While in prison, he made many hundred gross of "tagged laces," which his wife or little blind daughter sold for their livelihood.

on a winter's morning to hear him preach, and in London three thousand persons packed the chapel in which he ministered. For sixteen years he continued to write and



FAC-SIMILE OF BUNYAN'S DEED OF GIFT.

preach. At length, while engaged in an errand of mercy, he was caught in a storm, drenched to the skin, was seized with fever, and in ten days died, August 31, 1688. His ashes lie in the famous Bunhill Fields, just opposite City Road Chapel and the tomb of Susanna Wesley, the mother of Methodism. Near by are the graves of Isaac Watts and of Daniel Defoe, the two writers who, with himself, are the most widely read of all who have used the English tongue.

But his own fame throughout the

world surpasses that of any other writer of the race. In over a hundred foreign lands his immortal allegory is read in almost as many different languages. In the British Museum are 721 different works, of which the humble Bedford tinker and his writings are the subject. During his life eleven different editions of the Pilgrim's Progress appeared, and since his death, editions innumerable. It has been published in *editions de luxe,* on which all the resources of art have been lavished, and in editions for one penny, that the poor may follow the pilgrim's pathway to heaven. It has even been translated into Chinese, and the quaint Chinese art has presented in strange garb the familiar characters of the burdened pilgrim and the Interpreter's House.

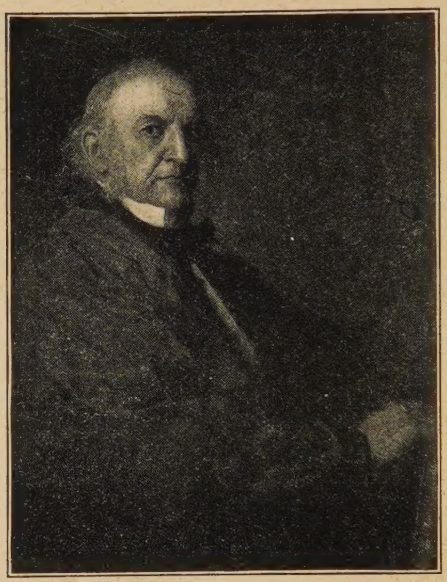
"Of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" writes Dr. Punshon, "it were superfluous to speak in praise. It seizes us in childhood with the strong hand of its power, our manhood surrenders to the spell of its sorcery, and its grasp upon us relaxes not when 'mingles the brown of life with sober gray,' nay, is often strongest amid the weariness of waning years. Its scenes are as familiar to us as the faces of home. Its characters live to our perceptions no less than to our understanding. We have seen them, conversed with them, realized their diversities of character and experience for ourselves. There never was a poem which so thoroughly took possession of our hearts, and hurried them along upon the stream of story. We have an identity of interest with the hero in all his doubts and dangers. We start with him in pilgrimage; we speed with him in eager haste to the Gate; we climb with him the difficult hill; the blood rushes to our cheek, warm and proud, as we gird ourselves for the combat with Apollyon; it curdles at the heart again amid the Valley of the Shadow of Death; we look with him upon the scoffing multitude from the cage of the town of Vanity; we now lie, listless and sad, and now flee, fleet and happy, from the cell in Doubting Castle; we walk with him amid the pleasantries of Beulah; we ford the river in his company; we hear the joy-bells ringing in the city of habitations; we see and greet the hosts of welcoming angels; and it is to us as the gasp of agony with which the drowning came back to life, when some rude call of earthly concernment arouses us from our reverie, and we wake and behold it is a dream.

"No book but God's own has been so honoured to lift up the cross amid the far-off nations of mankind. The Italian has read it under the shadow of the Vatican, and the modern Greek amid the ruins of Athens; it has blessed the Armenian trafficker, and it has calmed the fierce Malay; it has been carried up the far rivers of Burma, and it has drawn tears from the dark eyes in the cinnamon groves of Ceylon. The Bechuanas in their wild woods have rejoiced in its simple story; it has been as the elixir of palms and fountains to the Arab wayfarer; it has nerved the Malagasy for a Faithful's martyrdom or for trial of cruel mockings and tortures more intolerable than death. The Hindu has yielded to its spell by Gunga's sacred stream; and—crowning triumph!—Hebrews have read it on the slopes of Olivet, or on the banks of Kedron; and the tender-hearted daughters of Salem, descendants of those who wept for the sufferings of Jesus, have wept over it for themselves and for their children."

ON THE THRESHOLD.

We are standing on the threshold, we are in the open door,
We are treading on a borderland we have never trod before;
Another year is opening, and another year is gone;
We have passed the darkness of the night; we are in the early morn;
We have left the fields behind us o'er which we scattered seed;
We pass into the future which none of us can read.
The corn among the weeds, the stones, the surface mould,
May yield a partial harvest; we hope for sixty-fold.
Then hasten to fresh labour, to thresh and reap and sow,
Then bid the New Year welcome, and let the Old Year go;
Then gather all your vigour, press forward in the fight,
And let this be your motto, "For God and for the Right."

MORLEY'S LIFE OF GLADSTONE.*



THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

Portrait by Millais. From Morley's "Life of Gladstone."

THE most important book of the season, or of many seasons, is this great work—the biography of a noble Christian statesman—by his friend and colleague of many years. Its preparation has been a labour of love, for no meaner motive could inspire and sustain through the toil of examining no less than three hundred thousand documents. The result is one of the noblest biographies ever written—the life of one of the world's greatest men by one of its ablest scholars and writers. The obloquy and opposition Mr. Gladstone encountered in his life are all forgotten, the glory and worth live on.

The appearance of this book is an event of the first literary order. The great reviews give it foremost place. In this notice we avail ourselves freely of opinions of leading critics. The Rev. Reuen Thomas, B.D., in The Christian World, writes as follows:

"To those who would know, from the inside, the motive and spirit of the movements of political life in Great Britain during the last seventy-five years, these volumes are indispensable. The Gladstonian age of English life is, in many respects, the most interesting and suggestive period of European history. The

* New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co. Three vols., 8vo. Price, $10.50.

changes of his life were a legitimate growth from narrower to broader conditions of thought and apprehension.* Ecclesiastically he never wholly separated himself from the traditions of his earlier years. The Free Churches generally believed in the genuineness of his piety, in the simplicity of his integrity, in the nobility of his aims, and gave to him an allegiance which did them unspeakable credit. He was the only

"The biographer has allowed Mr. Gladstone, whenever it was possible, to speak for himself. The result is that Gladstone stands before the world to-day as the most imperial personage of his time.

"If the early aspiration of his soul had been gratified he would doubtless have been the first Churchman in England, the mightiest successor of Thomas a Becket in the see of Canterbury, with what results

MRS. GLADSTONE.

From Morley's "Life of Gladstone."

great Parliamentary leader in whose magnanimity and competency they had unwavering faith. His faithfulness to conscience, to great convictions, and to the consequences of ever enlarging knowledge lost him many of his oldest and dearest friends, sacrifices which cost him how much sorrow and pain these volumes but faintly suggest.

to the English Church Establishment no one can predict. For as Huxley (no admirer of his political career), testifying to his amazing superiority to ordinary men, once said: 'I should like to know what would keep such a man as that back? Why, put him in the middle of a moor, with nothing in the world but his shirt, and you could not prevent him from being anything he liked.' His affinity for Churchmanship was not, however, to

* "I began life," he said, "by distrusting the common people. I end it by trusting them utterly."

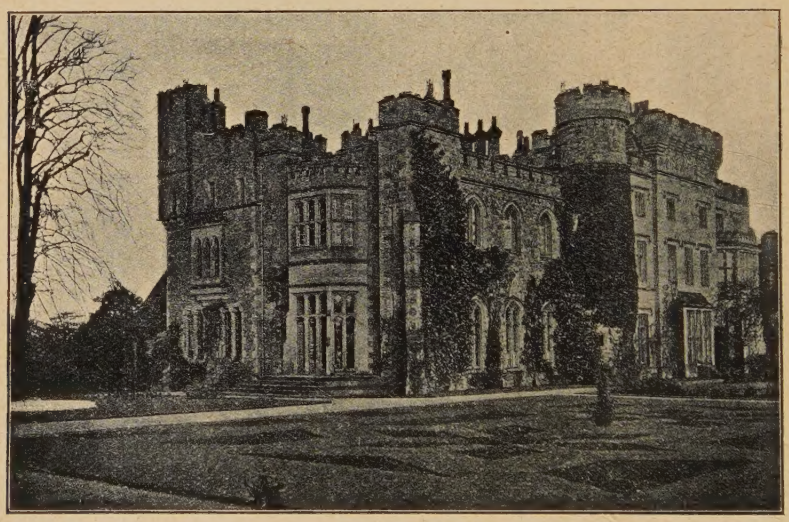
be gratified. If any man was ever predestinated to be—as Disraeli called him—'the most distinguished ornament of the House of Commons' it was Gladstone. He had to show to the world what a Christian statesman could be. Lord Salisbury gives his testimony that Gladstone supplied an example, 'to which history hardly furnishes a parallel, of a great Christian man.'

"This volume will reveal at what a cost, in what a fire and what a heat, the political enfranchisement of England has been won. The last few years in the political life of England have abundantly verified Canon Liddon's words, 'When Gladstone dies, the people of England will know that there has been a prophet among them.'

"The soundness of Gladstone's judgment, as that of any other man, necessarily depended on knowledge of facts. If only he had known America as from personal knowledge he knew Greece, Italy, and other European countries, he would never, two years before the close of the War of Rebellion in this country, have made the mistake of assuming that Jefferson Davis 'had made a nation.' That he was mortified by that judgment, and profoundly sorry for it, his sympathies (always with the North) and his after insistence on the Genevan Conference, prove. If Gladstone had wavered, no man in the country was strong enough to compel respect for the Genevan award.

"To every careful reader of this volume the personality of Gladstone will assume heroic proportions. The revelation that this man, who was called a dictator and autocrat, was ever a winning and gracious personality in his relations with his successive cabinets, could only be made by one who had served under him in the government of his country.

"Everybody will be interested in the sweet amenities of that domestic life, which made Gladstone's home a 'Temple of Peace.' The amazing industry of this great man, Herculean in its proportions, will create wonder. His correspondence with

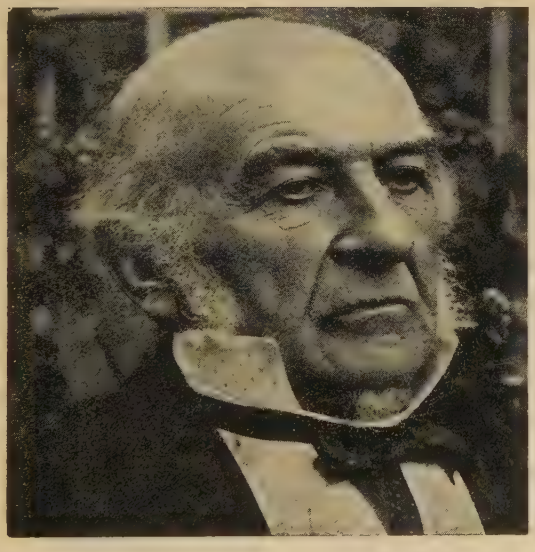


HAWARDEN CASTLE.

From Morley's "Life of Gladstone.

all the world seems to have been in itself sufficient to occupy every hour of every day.

"The childlike simplicity with which on all trying occasions he committed himself to God in silent prayer, the assiduous regularity, in his busiest days, at church services —his conscientious devotion of a tenth of his income all through life to religion and charity—amounting to upwards of $400,000, in addition to $150,000 given to the founding of the library at St. Deiniol's—the



LATE PORTRAIT OF MR. GLADSTONE.

way in which he sought a missionary field at home, and found it among the unfortunate ministers to 'the great sin of great cities'—these facts, now made public for the first time, will endear the name of Gladstone to thousands who hitherto have regarded him only as a masterful politician.

"It will be surprising if, for its literary quality, its sober reverence, its ingenious completeness, and its tender and beautiful revelations of one of the greatest personalities of the nineteenth century, Morley's Gladstone does not become one of the classic biographies of the English-speaking world."

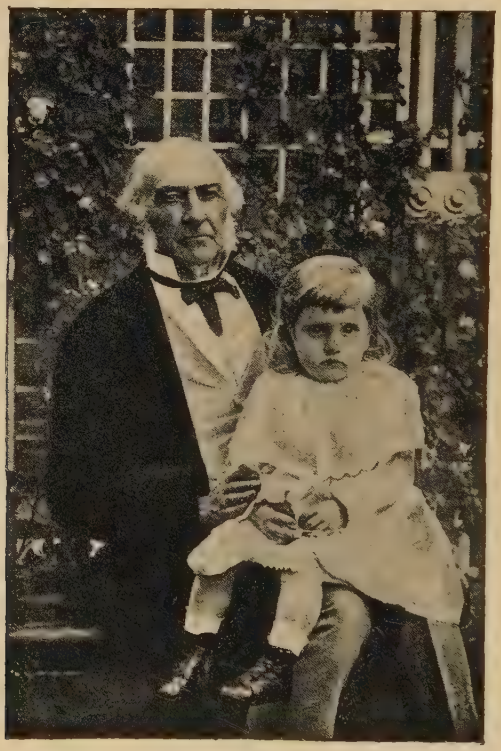
The religious character of this great Christian statesman is more fully treated by Dr. Parkhurst in Zion's Herald than we have elsewhere seen, as follows:

"Not for two centuries—that is, since Cromwell—had there appeared an English ruler in whom the religious motive was so prominent. He heartily believed that the strength of a state corresponds to the religious soundness of the community, and he strove with all his might to apply the highest moralities to the affairs both of his own nation and of the commonwealth of nations.

"As a youth he taught in Sunday-school, listened to sermons devoutly, read his Bible regularly at Eton, and became while there a member of the Church. He held prayer-meetings in his rooms, and paid the closest attention to all religious observances. His religious

disposition, Mr. Morley avers, was of an extraordinary intensity. Near the end of his college course he felt a strong drawing toward the ministry. In a long letter to his father about it, he says: 'The work of spreading religion has a claim infinitely transcending all others in dignity, in solemnity, and in usefulness.' His mother wished this career for him; his father, while not opposing, bade him wait, before deciding, till he had seen a little more of the world. This 'missionary impulse, this yearning for some apostolic destination, this glow of self-devotion to a supreme external will,' his biographer says, 'in essence never faded.'

Religion was always the centre of his being. A few years later he joined a small brotherhood, formed by one of his friends, with rules for systematic exercises of devotion and works of mercy. He was a singular union of deep, meditative seriousness, with untiring animation, assiduity, and practical energy and force. He maintained an inner life in all its absorbing exaltation day after day, year after year, decade after decade, amid the ever swelling rush of urgent secular affairs. Immersed in active reponsibility for momentous secular things, he never lost the breath of what was to him a diviner ether. Habitually he strove for the lofty uplands where political and moral ideas meet.



MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS GRANDDAUGHTER, DOROTHY DREW.

Even in those days [1840] he struck all who came into contact with him by a goodness and elevation that matched the activity and power of his mind. Religion is the mainspring, the fundamental fact of Mr. Gladstone's history. Political life was only part of his religious life. It was religion that prompted his literary life. It was religious motive that through a thousand avenues and channels stirred him and guided him in his whole conception of social duty. He was not only a fervid practising Christian; he was a Christian steeped in the fourth century, steeped in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

MR GLADSTONE IN HIS STUDY.

"Unable to go as a missionary abroad, which he would have liked, he found a missionary field at home. He was indeed one of that high and favoured household, who, in Emerson's noble phrase, 'live from a great depth of being.' He sought the attainment of great ideals, and was guided by the highest moral aspirations. All men were forced to recognize this, even those least friendly. It was one main secret of his power. He held fast to righteousness. The Bible was everything to him. He records in his diary how 'On most occasions of very sharp pressure or trial some word of Scripture has come home to me as if borne on angels' wings.' He was most faithful to closet duties. He cultivated the habit—and found it most beneficial—of inwardly turning the thoughts to God during the intervals of business.

"To him life was a very serious business, 'a great and noble calling,' he said, 'not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny.' He had much to contend with in his natural disposition, for he combined the impulse, passion, pride, and fire of the Highlander (he was all Scotch in origin) with the caution and circumspection of the Lowlander. He attained complete self-mastery, but only by incessant wrestling in prayer. This is the testimony of his wife.

"He showed, as few have done, how great a thing the life of a man may be made. When he died, as one not an Englishman said, 'the world lost its greatest citizen.' He so lived and wrought that he kept the soul

alive in England. 'His name is associated with a record of arduous and fruitful legislative work and administrative improvement equalled by none of the great men who have grasped the helm of the British State.' A controversial athlete, a thorough scholar, a consummate administrator; yet always living in the noble visions of the moral and spiritual idealist.

"He always asked, not what is popular, but what is right, and are the means as right as the end? He did not follow public opinion, he led it, carrying his great schemes for the benefit of the nation and the world against the ignorance and prejudice of the country, and against the rooted, standing prejudices of both branches of the legislature. He resisted with all his might the odious contention that moral progress in the relations of nations and states to one another is an illusion and a dream. He presents a most vivid example of public duty and of private faithfulness. He was 'one of the glories of mankind,' his fame as wide as the human race. The lustre and long continuity of his public performances still left his innermost ideals constant and undimmed. 'The contagion of the world's slow stain' did not infect him.

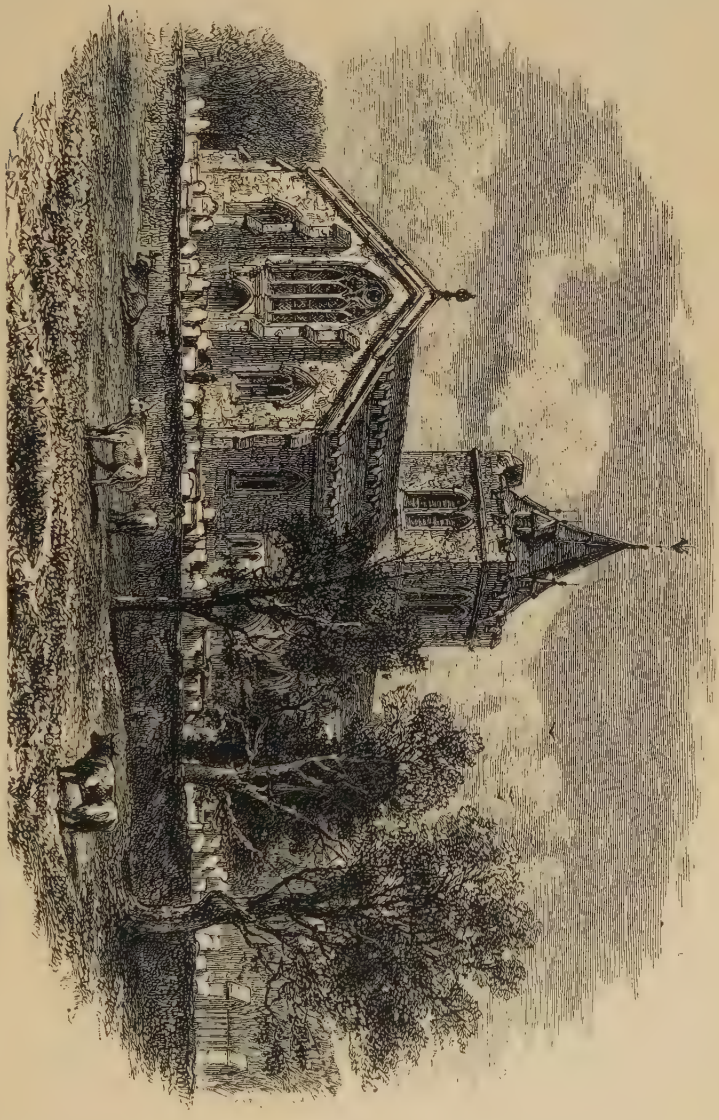
"Yet few men have been more intensely hated, subjects of deeper antagonism and most malicious assaults. One reason why he met such abuse was that most people were not good enough to understand him. The men of the world and of the clubs could not comprehend him. All earnest, thoughtful persons admired and respected him—some loved him. The upper classes never took to him much, but he became more and more the idol of the masses, who recognized him after awhile as the champion of their rights, the advocate of justice, the friend of liberty. He was a leader with a resolute will, an unflinching courage, an unresting spirit of reform, and a genius for political action. Some errors must be laid at his door, but there seems little need of dwelling upon them here. They are overborne by the blaze of his virtues, and are easily forgotten in the light of his great services, among which are to be reckoned the Irish Church Disestablishment, the Irish Land Acts, the Post-Office Savings Banks, the Franchise Act, and the Tariffs.

"He did much to ameliorate the lot of the toiling masses. He was an intense hater of all cruelty and oppression, a champion of the largest tolerance, a man of almost unbounded charity, of superb physical vitality, superlative strength of will, and a power of concentration which he himself regarded as the master secret of his achievements. He was a very rare combination of goodness and greatness, simplicity of character and subtlety of intellect, a magnificent mind and a saintly soul. His career may fairly be accounted the most splendid known to the last century—splendid both in gifts and in labours. The institutions of his country owe him a debt that can never be paid; the whole world is the richer for his having lived. It affords unmeasured satisfaction to see a man of his intellectual strength, his magnificent powers, his unrivalled achievements, bowing so low at the foot of the Cross, attached so devotedly to the Church of Jesus Christ, so unwearied in good works, so unspotted by the world, and counting it his highest honour that he has a humble place among the hosts of the redeemed. His deepest longing as a young man was that he 'might grow into the image of the Redeemer.' He did so grow. The fuller the sunlight thrown upon his days the brighter do they shine. Those who are privileged to read

his memoirs will certainly be stirred to emulate his faithfulness as well as admire his massiveness."

In his own vivid way W. T. Stead thus refers in his Review of Reviews to the life and work of this great statesman:

"We all knew Mr. Gladstone was 'a great Christian,' to quote Lord Salisbury, an intensely religious man, the real keeper of the national conscience, the lay Archbishop of Britain. But not until the appearance of this book did we fully realize how much Mr. Gladstone regarded himself as the junior partner of the Almighty, and with what child-like faith he attributed the vicissitudes of his electoral fortunes to the direct interposition of the



THE CHURCH AT HAWARDEN WHERE MR. GLADSTONE READ MORNING PRAYERS.

THE PARK GATE AND ORPHANAGE, HAWARDEN.

Creator. When his Midlothian campaign shattered the power of Lord Beaconsfield, he wrote in his diary: 'It seemed as if the arm of the Lord had bared itself for work that He had made His own.' When the poll was declared in Midlothian, he wrote: 'Wonderful and nothing less has been the disposing guiding hand of God in all this matter.' When he journeyed southward after the election, we have the following entries: 'Travelled all night, and had time to ruminate on the great hand of God, so evidently displayed.' 'The triumph grows and grows; to God be the praise. May He who has of late so wonderfully guided, guide me still in the critical days to come.'"

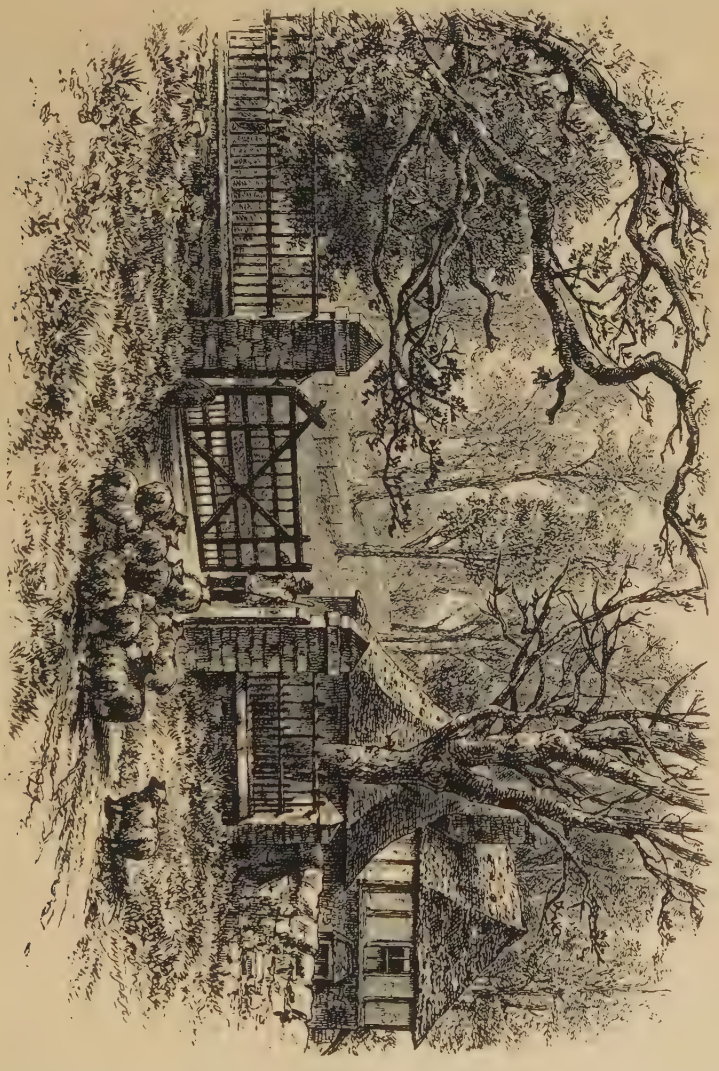
On his sixtieth birthday, when he was beginning his first Premiership, Mr. Gladstone wrote in his diary: "I descend the hill of life. It would be a truer figure to say I ascend a steepening path with a burden ever gathering weight. The Almighty seems to sustain and spare me for some purpose of His own, deeply unworthy as I know myself to be. Glory be to His name."

"There is something imposing and even sublime," says Mr. Stead, "in the long procession of years which bridge as with eighty-eight arches the abyss of past time, and carry us back to the days of Canning and of Castlereagh, of Napoleon and of Wellington. His parliamentary career extends over sixty years—the lifetime of two generations. For over forty years he had a leading part in making or in unmaking Cabinets, he served his

Queen and his country in almost every capacity in office and in opposition, and yet, despite his prolonged sojourn in the malaria of political wire-pulling, his heart seemed to be as the heart of a little child.

Only the Future can reach up to lay
The laurel on that lofty nature—
Bard who with some diviner art
Has touched the bard's true lyre, a nation's heart.

"To those who knew him best and to those who knew him least he



ENTRANCE TO PARK AT HAWARDEN.

"What Lowell said of Lamartine represents what most of those who believe in Mr. Gladstone thought of him:

No fitting mete wand hath to-day
For measuring spirits of thy stature—

was ever the Knight Errant of the World, ever ready to ride off on some feat of high emprise at the summons of distressful innocence or outraged justice. The man whose voice, clear as a silver trumpet, rang through

Europe in denunciation of the horrors of Neapolitan dungeons and the atrocities of the Turks in Bulgaria, needs no other title to enduring fame. His two pamphlets paved the way for the liberation of two peninsulas. Italy free and indivisible rose from the grave of ages at his kindling summons; and Bulgaria free, but not yet undivided, is the living monument of the vivifying might of his spoken word. He was in both the Italian and the Balkan Peninsula Heaven's Herald of the Dawn. Like Prometheus he became

A name to fright all tyrants with, a light
Unsetting as the Pole Star; a great voice
Heard in the breathless pauses of the fight
By truth and freedom ever waged with wrong.

"Nor can it be ignored that his devotion to the cause of Ireland has been marked by the same passionate enthusiasm which, if it had been displayed in relation to other lands, would have excited their highest admiration. As the Knight of Liberty, sworn to the cause of the oppressed, Mr. Gladstone has done inestimable service to the men of his generation.

"'We walk by faith and not by sight,' he said once; 'and by no one so much as by those who are in politics is this necessary.' It is the evidence of things not seen, the eternal principles, the great invisible moral sanctions that men are wont to call the laws of God, which alone supply a safe guide through this mortal wilderness.

Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here!
See one straightforward conscience put in pawn
To win a world: see the obedient sphere
By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,
And by the Present's lips repeated still?
In our own single manhood to be bold,
Fortressed in conscience and impregnable.

"One point in which Mr. Gladstone was subject to much misapprehension was the result of his exceeding conscientiousness. He was so over-accurate that he often seemed not to be accurate at all. He was so careful to make the finest distinctions, to convey to a hair's breadth his exact meaning, that sometimes he seemed to be refining and quibbling, and creating loopholes for escape at some future time. In reality, he always told the truth exactly as he saw it; but he saw it so clearly and with such mathematical accuracy that to the ordinary man who never sees anything as it is, but only as it appears, the difference between what Mr. Gladstone saw and what Mr. Gladstone said he saw is often quite inexplicable.

"As an orator Mr. Gladstone had every grace but one. He never cultivated the virtue of brevity. But in him this was no defect, for so sweet and silvern was his speech that his hearers regretted when the stream ceased to flow. The mere physical endurance entailed by some of his great speeches is in itself wonderful. Mr. Gladstone has repeatedly spoken three hours, and even five, at the close of a long and exciting debate, which came on the heels of a day full of arduous and exhausting ministerial work.

"He was usually so bent upon mortifying the Old Adam of national pride that he had hardly time to devote a sentence to the expression of the awe and gratitude with which he recognized the immense vocation of Britain in the outer world. 'But I fully recognize,' he said, 'that we have a great mission. The work of England has been great in the past, but it will be still greater in the future. This is true, I believe, in its broadest sense of the English-speaking world. I believe it is also true of England herself. I think that the part which England has to play, and the influence of England in the world, will be

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE AND DOROTHY DREW.

even vaster in the future than it is to-day. England will be greater than she has ever been.' Mr. Gladstone always seemed to be too much awed by the responsibilities ever to have a thought for the glories of empire.

"More than any single Englishman Mr. Gladstone's influence was operative in Europe. It was he whose fateful words brought down the avalanche of the revolution upon the decrepit Bourbons of Italy. It was the lightning of his speech which dealt the death-blow to Turkish dominion in the Balkan Peninsula, and it was his action which, equally in matters of arbitration, of the European concert, and of foreign policy generally, first familiarized the mind of mankind with the conception of statesmanship based on moral principle as opposed to the mere expediencies of self-interest. He was the link between the old order and the new, standing, as it were, between the living and the dead—the living democracy of the future, and the dying castes and hierarchies of the past.

"Mr. Gladstone was one of the most unwearying of workers. Whether at work or at play he was always on the go. The coil of that tremendous energy never seemed to run down. He was always doing something or other, and even when he was talking he was acting, using

every muscle of the body to express and emphasize his ideas. When Prime Minister Mr. Gladstone kept three private secretaries constantly going, and the whole business of the office went with the precision and regularity of a machine.

"Not, indeed, for naught and in vain has this great life been lived openly before all men, an object-lesson unequalled in our time, of loftiness of aim, of integrity of purpose, and of unfaltering faith in God and trust in man. He has taught us that it is the high-souled man who has the greatest power, even over the poorest and most ignorant of the toilers of the world; that supreme capacity in Parliament is compatible with the most simple-hearted devotion; and that the most adroit and capable of statesmen can be at the same time as chivalrous and heroic as any of the knights of Arthur's Round Table. Amid the crowd of contemporary statesmen, he towered like a son of Anak above his peers.

"We regard William Ewart Gladstone as the greatest European statesman of the present century. The story of Mr. Gladstone's life is the history of European liberty during the years of his public service. The condemnation visited upon him by his critics is his glory. His political inconsistencies are those of a man who dares to grow.

"He was probably the most warmly beloved and the most hotly hated man of modern times—unless Bismarck rivals him. But there was this difference: feudalism loves Bismarck and democracy hates him; feudalism hated Gladstone and democracy loved him. What he has done constitutes him a model for the study of statesmen; what he was, a model for the study of all men."

"FOLLOW HIS STEPS."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Like a wide, white field of new fallen snow,
Where never a foot hath been to or fro,
Another year now doth before me lie—
As hath each New Year of my life gone by.

I had feared in the past, and should fear again
To set one step on the glistening plain,
Save with Him who hath erst for my help been near,
And will still keep me safe through my latest year.

Should these faltering feet undirected advance,
'Twould be but to sully the spotless expanse
By aimless wanderings hither and yon—
And to fail of the goal when all was done.

But with hand and with counsel day by day
If He lead and guide o'er the trackless way,
At the journey's close I shall surely be
In the place of all places the best for me.

It is ever and always and only so,
None goeth astray who with Him doth go;
Nor any the bourne of desire can win
But with Christ, Whose, alone, is the entering in.

O ye whom I love, yet whose paths divide
From the path that I traverse by Jesus' side,—
Ye whose love is mine, come with me this day,
Let us tread together the shining way.

Come, come with me now—lest we part in tears
(To meet no more) at the end of the years;
Come, follow His steps, He will bring us each
To the bliss that not one of us else could reach!

Toronto.

LAWLESSNESS AND FANATICISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY JAMES M. BUCKLEY, D.D., LL.D.*

JAMES M. BUCKLEY, D.D., LL.D.

AN appalling epidemic of crime exists in the United States. Among the evidences of this epidemic is the recent rapid increase of juvenile and youthful crimes, and of crimes of premeditation and ingenuity committed by persons under or but little over what is called legal age. Moreover, these crimes among the young are by no means confined to the so-called lower classes. It occasions only momentary surprise to read that a scion of one of the best families is guilty of some heinous offence against law and morals. Indeed, the number of crimes committed by the highly educated is an alarming feature of the situation.

* Dr. J. M. Buckley is one of the most acute observers and wisest and most thoughtful writers of American Methodism. For more years than we can remember he has with marked success conducted the fortunes of the leading Methodist weekly in the world. Nor is his influence confined to this paper, far-reaching as that may be. At the

Among the influences which have powerfully affected the primary causes of crime, and are sources of this present epidemic, is the effect of the Civil War. Though the reabsorption into the body politic of so many discharged soldiers without a great and sudden change in the morale of the people was most remarkable, and creditable alike to the institutions and spirit of the country and to a large majority of the soldiers, it is still true that the evil done by that war to public and private morality was almost irremediable. The Spanish war, though it involved a much smaller outlay and number of soldiers, has exerted a disproportionately powerful influence in the same direction. The influence of intemperance in relation to crime is much debated, but all must agree that an intoxicated person has, for the time, impaired judgment, weakened self-control, and increased irritability. The modern crowding of the population into cities is a factor of the first importance. We are entering upon the third generation of hot-bed city life. The offspring of those whose occupations are sedentary, who use stimulants, lead irregular and excited lives, must, with few exceptions, suffer from inherited irritability of the nervous system.

The irregularity and uncertainty of the administration of justice has diminished reverence for law. Justice still holds the scales, but when the sons of the poor or unknown steal or create a disturbance, the case is usually brought promptly to trial. When the culprit is well connected or has friends who have political or pecuniary influence, the situation is often different. The jury acquits or disagrees, or, if it convicts, frequently recommends to mercy; eloquent counsel carry the case from court to court, and the impression that the administration of the law is capricious deepens with every year. More hurtful even than this is the theatrical conduct of criminal courts. City magistrates often act and speak in such a manner as to produce the effect of a farce. Members of the bar are allowed to wrangle, browbeat the judge, and terrify the witnesses. These scenes are reported in the press. After the final decisions are made, justice encounters almost an epidemic of commuting and pardoning. Again, prison reform has become a fad, and, except where universal hatred of a prisoner exists, it is not irrational for his friends to expect to see him restored to liberty in a few years or months. Labour disputes have wrought incalculable evil to the moral sense of participants and spectators, accompanied as they often are by destruction of property, assaults upon substituting non-union men and their families, the stoning of street-cars, the firing upon them regardless of the danger to passengers, and the ill-treatment of militia by strikers and their sympathizers.

The problem of social order is further complicated by the tremendous increase of immigration. The number of foreign whites is greater

General Conference, the Missionary Board, the Chautauqua Assembly, and other great gatherings, he is very much in evidence, and is always heard with pleasure and profit. A curious thing is that some thirty years ago or more no one thought Dr. Buckley would live for six months, so broken was his health. But by sheer force of will and out-of-door life, tramping over the hills of New England, he frustrated these prophecies, and is now very much alive indeed. Dr. Buckley has been a wide traveller in his own and other lands, and has written one of the most admirable of existing books on Europe, with which he is familiar from Madrid to Moscow. He has written much also on social and economic subjects, and contributes to the November and December numbers of Scribner's Monthly two admirable papers on "The Wave of Lawlessness," and "Fanaticism in the United States." The salient features of these papers we present.

relatively to the whole population than it has been for many years, as is also the number of natives of foreign parentage. Most of these speak only their own language, are ignorant of American institutions, are naturally clannish, and bring with them ancient prejudices and often hereditary feuds. Many work under contracts made by their representatives, and, being very excitable, increase the turbulent spirit of the times, the more so since many are socialists of an extreme type, and others are anarchists. The Afro-American population has doubled since the Civil War. Before emancipation the majority were slaves, living on land owned by their masters, who maintained order. One of the burdens of freedom is that each man must find his own work and maintain his own home. Hence negroes have all the vicissitudes of whites. With strong passions, they wander aimlessly about the country, and in all such circumstances are more helpless and untrustworthy than average white people.

An epidemic of crime such as the present cannot be checked by any patent nostrum. Its causes must be removed or counterworked. The influences which tend to make successive generations law-abiding, stable, yet genuinely progressive, are law—reverence for law and the enforcement of law; self-restraint, which, as soon as memory and reflection are matured, teaches the majority that obedience to law is "the best policy"; regular employment, rational education, and the institutions of religion. Between these and the influences which promote crime there is ceaseless war, the state rising in the scale of civilization as crime diminishes, and falling when it increases.

FANATICISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

This country appears to be exposed to fanaticism for reasons peculiar to the American people. It is the most conglomerate large nation on the globe. The freedom allowed and exercised, the incessant experimenting, the extraordinary genius of the people for free and full speech, the immense proportion of half-educated persons, the publication of all sorts of truths, half-truths, errors, and chimeras, the importation of all sects in religion by immigrants from all lands, the method of carrying on political campaigns—municipal, state, and federal—by the press and the mails, by a house-to-house canvass, and by countless speeches under exciting circumstances, by alarming prophecies, attacks on personal and political character, and the scattering of distorted statements far and wide, might naturally be expected to generate fanaticism.

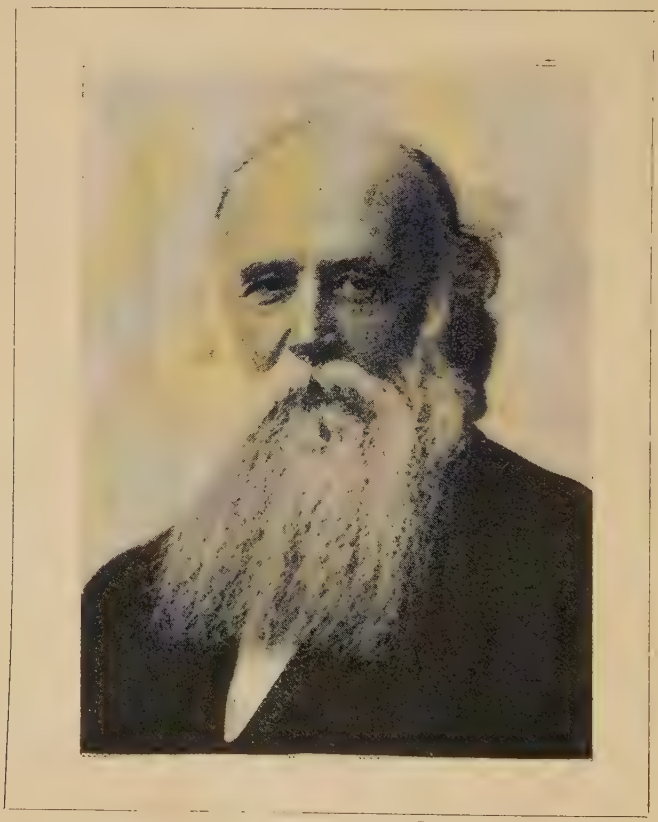
Here scores of communities of fanatics have been formed and have long prospered, several of them based upon ideas incompatible with morality. A conspicuous example is the Oneida Community, with its branches in Vermont and Connecticut. This system, involving strange and unnatural relations between the sexes, was founded on a perverted view of the Scriptures and the doctrine of perfection by John H. Noyes, an alumnus of Yale and a Congregational minister.

Here modern Spiritualism arose, and spread as in no other part of the world. Other forms of superstition have monopolized many of the class which furnished its believers, and the present generation cannot realize how that wave, with its excrescence of free love, spread through the States, as rapidly in cultivated Massachusetts as in the scattered and partly educated communities on the frontier.

Here Mormonism originated; and controlled, concentrated, and stimulated by the powerful personality of

Brigham Young, has become a religion which, after the lapse of sixty years, in spite of the opposition it has encountered, shows elements of permanence, and sends out missionaries to all parts of the world.

Here the spectacular Dowie exercises a despotism over his adherents which becomes grotesque when at his call they rise by the hundreds and furnish the testimony he needs, whether to the soundness of his views on the eating of pork, his financial ability, his miraculous healings, or his being the special messenger who was to come in the spirit and power of Elijah. His votaries, undismayed by his many failures to heal, and not undeceived even by the complete contrast between his methods, manners, utterances, and spirit, and those of the Founder of Christianity, do his bidding as they might had he visibly descended from heaven in their presence. Fortunately, unlike some other religious fanatics, Dowie warns against vice and inculcates a rigid morality. His present claims and inconsistent spirit are the natural evolution of a career marred in every stage by evidences of intense fanaticism.*

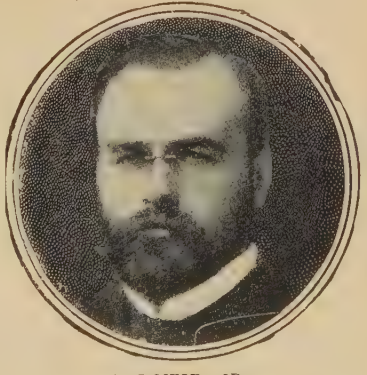


J. ALEXANDER DOWIE.

* In The Christian Advocate Dr. Buckley says: The qualities which prove that he is not a Restorer, Elijah III., or any other special messenger of Almighty God, are his mixture of ambition, worldly cunning,

MRS. DOWIE.

Here Mrs. Eddy succeeds in fascinating large numbers by a copyrighted system in which she claims to destroy disease without depending in the least on hygiene or medical treatment, and to eradicate sin and disease by steadfastly denying their reality. In the beginning the chief elements of her control were her dominating personality, her calm contradiction of natural science, and the equally calm substituting of a half-truth for the whole. Ever a wholesale denial of common beliefs has more potency over many minds than a properly limited and reasoned attempt to modify them. Her organization being perfected, she now rules by Delphic oracles and Sibylline leaves issued by a secluded personality, inaccessible to the many, though at rare intervals exhibited at State fairs as a passing show, to demonstrate her actuality. Her head is already surrounded by halos of mist and myth, and the exalted few who mediate between her and the world increase the effect by the underbreath reverence with which they speak or write of her. Hence, although she has been compelled by her failures and those of her followers to surrender the treatment of physical injuries to the surgeons and to cease from treating contagious diseases; and though through the whole land many of her devotees, having thrown away the learning and experience of mankind in treating diseases, are dying or making pitiful denials of their obvious debility, disease, or the natural effects of age, such of them as are in good health, and some who are not (many of them highly intelligent on themes and things outside this subacute fanaticism), smile and prattle on concerning the "errors of mortal mind" as respects Bright's disease, the "claims" of consumption, the "false belief" in bile, and the "delusions" of dropsy and dyspepsia.



J. DOWIE, JR.

malignity against all who criticise him, destitution of even the germs of Christian charity, overweening vanity, blasphemous familiarity with God, love of luxury, and intense devotion to his own pecuniary interest and that of his family. Both the spirit and the power of Elias are absent; the vituperator and the buffoon predominate.

We intended printing the accompanying portraits of Dr. Dowie, his wife and son in connection with our article on "A Charlatan Elijah" in the last number of this Magazine, but they did not reach us in time, so are here presented. Dr. Dowie's New York campaign proved such a disastrous failure that his many creditors have been urging their claims, and his Zion City scheme, on which it is said from twenty to thirty million dollars have been expended, is now in the hands of a receiver. Though practically bankrupt it is not impossible he may yet receive sufficient help from his dupes, to whom he frantically appeals, to enable him to continue his career of fraud. —Ed.

THEODOR MOMMSEN.

BY the death of Theodor Mommsen, says The Outlook, passed away a man whose influence on his day and generation had been monumental. A little, wizened cadaverous, shambling man, walking with head bent down and a book under his arm, his thoughts apparently far away from the actual time and place; a figure lost amidst the stalwart Korpstudenten in the barnlike corridors and lecture-rooms of the University of Berlin; a clean-shaven, spectacled face surmounted by a shock of white hair; a vivacious face when he raised it to look at you, and with a boldness in the quick glance which somehow seemed ill to comport with the slight bodily frame—such was Theodor Mommsen.

No one who has studied at the university in which he was long an honoured teacher can look back upon scholastic days there without feeling that Mommsen was a real part of them—even though the student did no more than *hospitiren* with him, under that commendable and generous German academic custom of browsing by which any one may attend some lectures given outside his own course or department.

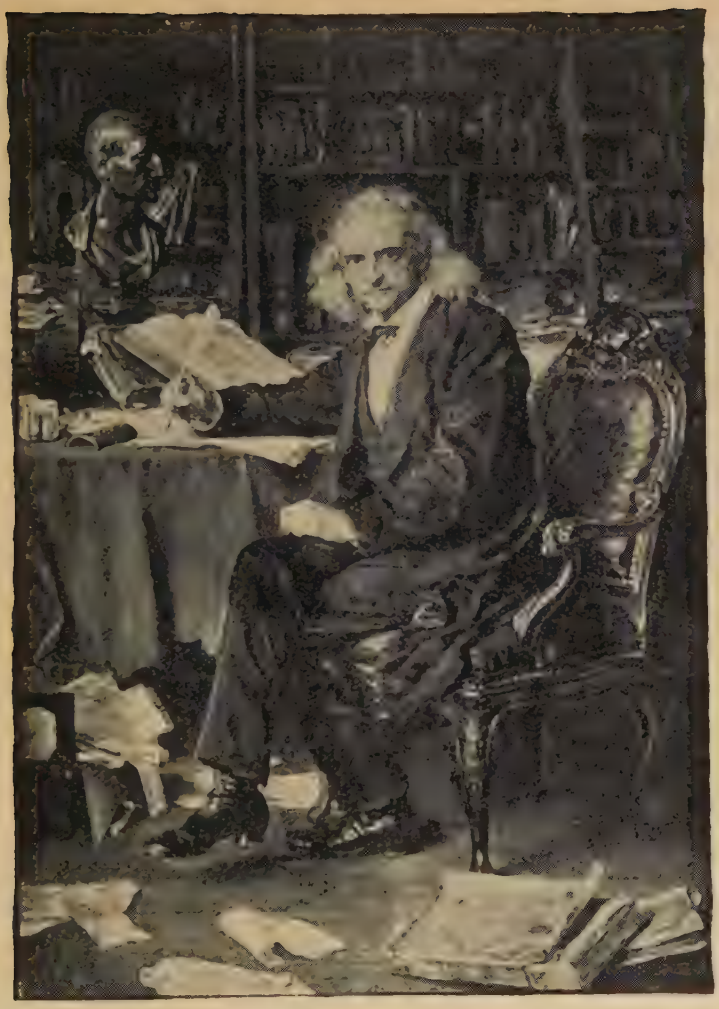
It was natural, then, that young men from all university departments should go to hear the great Mommsen. It must be confessed, however, that in personal magnetism the historian of Rome could not compare with the historian of Greece—Curtius, who looked like a Greek and spoke like a Greek as he conducted a small army of students past the archæological treasures of the Altes Museum: nor could he compare with the historian of Christian dogma—Harnack, who would frequently get so interested in discussing Jerome or Basil or Gregory that he would clamber up on his desk and sit on its edge, crossing his legs and looking like a gnome or a gargoyle rather than a reverend professor. But Mommsen, too, was notoriously absorbed in his own thoughts. One day, in a tram-car, he became annoyed at the antics of a small boy sitting next to him, and finally looked down from his newspaper to say: "Can't you keep still? What kind of a boy are you? What's your name, anyway?" The boy responded: "Why, papa, don't you know *me?*"

It is authentic that he put his first baby into the waste-paper basket and covered it up because it cried. He was, nevertheless, devoted to children, and his domestic life was altogether happy. Altogether it was a career which goes to show that the truly great scholar is apt also to be a great man.

Many stories are told of his eccentricities: On his first entering the Reichstag he took a book with him which he held close up to his nose, for he was unusually short-sighted. All of a sudden, while Bismarck was talking, up jumped Mommsen and cried:

"Stop! Stop! Stop! What does that student mean by talking all this time! He must stop it, I say! If he doesn't I shall call the attendant!" The grand old man thought he was still at the university. There was a great outburst of laughter, in which Bismarck joined most heartily.

In 1890 Mommsen was arrested and locked up for hours by the Berlin police. He got into this difficulty through an invitation he re-



DR. THEODOR MOMMSEN.

ceived to attend a reception given by the present Emperor William. The famous historian, whose manner of living exemplified his democratic principles, rode into Berlin from Charlottenburg on a car. Upon alighting from the car, Mommsen pressed his way through the throng. In a few minutes he came to the police line and without hesitation started to pass on. He was promptly seized by a policeman and pushed back. It was too much for the old man's temper.

"You ignorant Russian!" exclaimed the historian, "what do you mean by seizing old Mommsen! I'm old Mommsen, I tell you—Mommsen, Mommsen, Mommsen!" The policeman looked at the old man's battered soft hat and seedy overcoat and decided that he was a crank. Two hours later the Emperor received word that his missing guest was in the lockup.

On his eightieth birthday Mommsen received a visit from a great delegation of students, who marched

out to his home, but he could not be induced to leave his work to greet them.

"They see me every day at the university," he said; "why do they want to disturb me now ?"

The little old man, with head bent forward, avoiding the gaze of the curious as far as possible, will no longer be seen on the Unter den Linden. It will be a pleasure to his former students to learn that he did not succumb to old age. Eighty-six years old when he died, he was still writing, and hoped to publish another volume at an early day. The secret of Mommsen's productivity was—industry. He left others to exercise the charm of personality in the spoken word; his influence lay rather in the written word and in the example which he gave of untiring, detailed, colossal achievement. Foremost among investigators and workers, he created an atmosphere at the university in which men of slothful temper felt constrained to work.

Mommsen's career adds another to the many examples of what a poor man's son may do. The elder Mommsen was an impecunious clergyman, but he gave a good education to his boy, and the boy appreciated it enough to win a scholarship when he graduated from Kiel. He passed his Wanderjahre in Italy; and the product of those years was his great "Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum." If the fire the other day in the Vatican Library had destroyed the thousands of Latin inscriptions there, not one would have been missing to future students, and this because of the seventeen volumes recording the labour of Mommsen and his disciples. After teaching at various universities Mommsen was called to Berlin, where for more than half a century he has been in the very front rank of the moving spirits who have given that university a first place in the world.

His name and fame will be synonymous with the greatest of all the histories of Rome, a monument of industry, exactness, skill, illumination, and keen criticism, a combination of the merits of Froude, Freeman, Green, and Gardiner. This is, of course, distinctly Mommsen's popular work; his distinctly erudite achievement, aside from the "Corpus," is his "Roman Jurisprudence;" while to specialists he is equally known by the hundreds of lesser studies and essays which he wrote on subjects connected with Roman historical sources.

If in his early career Mommsen was absorbed by the subject to which he had devoted his life, he was later not unmindful of present-day happenings in the political world, and participated in the deliberations of municipal, provincial, and imperial legislative assemblies. Like his great contemporary, Virchow, he was an ardent Liberal. In 1848, the year of revolutions, he lost his professorial position under an autocratic government because he openly sympathized with those who were struggling for greater political freedom. Years later he showed that he still cherished his ancient ideals; and an autocratic Chancellor was compelled to prosecute him for libel. Mommsen defended himself before the courts and was able to clear himself of legal blame, the moral effect of his peppery words remaining and rankling in Bismarck's breast. Mommsen drew trouble upon his head with malice prepense. His speeches as member of the Diet or of the Reichstag were oftentimes acidulous and untactful, but oftener reflected the fine enthusiasm of the "old man eloquent" who now combined the careers of the special student and of the propagandist of liberalism in politics.

Probably his most important political work has been his persistent preaching of Anglo-German

friendship. In a London paper recently he publicly asked Englishmen to forget the insults received from Germans during the Boer War and to remember only the numerous and vital points of contact between the two nations, the two races, the two languages, and the two literatures, and made this notable confession and forecast:

"We have had, together with the justifiable wish to take and hold our place along with other nations in commerce, in sea power, and in colonization outside Europe, also envy and hatred toward older and more fortunate rivals. But I know that I speak, not only for myself, but for the best (and at the same time the great majority) of the German people, when I say that, though we have no doubt disapproved and will continue to disapprove some single act of the English nation, we yet feel ourselves more nearly akin, and in every other respect more intimately allied, to them than to any other nation. . . . I look back over a long life. All that I hoped for my own nation and for the world at large in a small part has been fulfilled; the Holy Alliance of the nations was the aim of my young days and is still the leading star of my old age. I still hold the creed that the Germans and the English are destined to go forward hand in hand."

In personal appearance Mommsen was striking, in spite of his insignificant stature. A conspicuous feature was his long, snow-white hair, which fell over his shoulders. By an accident in his library these silky locks were burned off some years ago, a loss which he deplored with a jest. In 1877 his superb library at Charlottenburg was entirely destroyed by fire, but he was not daunted by the blow, and soon replaced everything that could be replaced. In his personal habits he had the austerity which has characterized most great scholars. It was his practice till quite recently to rise at five o'clock, drink a cup of cold coffee left for him over-night, and work steadily till eight, when he breakfasted with clock-like regularity, imposing the same punctuality upon his family. He married in 1854 the daughter of an old friend, Karl Reimer, and had twelve children. In his later years his five daughters were all members of his household.

By the death of Theodor Mommsen the scholastic world has lost a leader, but Germany is the poorer by the passing of an acute and astute political thinker.

VIGILS!

Once more the flight of time I hear
  In that lone bell across the snow;
  Twelve frosty echoes, blow on blow,
The "Ave! vale!" of the year!

Long silent voices, once so dear,
  Return to-night; the hands we pressed
  Stretch back to us to be caressed—
Through folded gloom the worlds draw near.

Once more Orion's sword of gold
  Is gleaming in the air afar,
  And at his feet the tiny star
We call our home lies dim and cold.

The glowing map of night reveals
  Its circling orbs upon their way;
  The world is turning; watch and pray;
Hear music in the mighty wheels.

Let faith, fore-dreaming of the goal
  That summons all the flying years
  Hear, round the vast mysterious spheres
The outmost one for ever roll.

The God sphere holding each in place,
  So that the song rolls, and a jar
  In earth or the remotest star
Can lend no discord, but a grace.

To Him who marks the sparrow's fall
  Nothing is great, or small, or strange;
  Death has his hour, and life its change,
And runs the love of God through all.

Help us, O Lord, to bear thy love;
  Thy love is great; bend thou our will
  To thy own law that guides us still
And guides the wandering light above.

STEPHEN GRELLET.*

BY MRS. LOTTIE M'ALISTER.

ON the stage of the world's great theatre, two actors simultaneously played their chosen parts. The date was from the middle of the eighteenth century on into the nineteenth. The one laid violent hands on earth's treasure-trove to minister to self-love, the other poured out a life of service with a prodigal hand; the one blazed across the sky like an ill-omened comet, the other laboured to open the eyes of the inner vision to behold "the King, eternal, immortal, invisible;" the one looms large in modern history, the other is hid away like a pressed rose in a voluminous book, discovered only by its sweet odour, Both were Frenchmen. The one lies under the magnificent dome of the Hotel des Invalides, the other lies in an American grave, we know not where.

Nevertheless, the life, the ambitions, the attainments of the former have been chosen by the writer of this life merely as a foil to set off, in striking antithesis, the life of Stephen Grellet, which was spent "but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries."

How came it that all those unusual events fit into each other until this man's life was like a beautiful mosaic? Why do those, who survey it as a whole, exclaim, as did Von Moltke at the crowning hour of Sadowa, after marching his battalions separately to do battle conjointly: *Es stumst?* The answer is, Perfect harmony with God's will.

Stephen Grellet was born in the city of Limoges, France, 1773. His parents belonged to the wealthy nobility of that district. It may be that to his father we are indebted for our treasured Limoges ware, for he was titled for his services, especially the manufacturing of superior porcelain. The Grellets were Roman Catholics. Two of the daughters entered conventual orders. The home atmosphere was one of love, but outward polish was emphasized, rather than character-building. In such surroundings the boy Stephen grew. His environment bred sympathy with the nobility, and made him French in tongue.

Endowed with a temperament that responded quickly to religious impressions, he early learned, unaided, except by the Holy Spirit, of whom he had scarcely so much as heard, that there is an omnipresent, omniscient One who hears and answers. Educated at the University of the Oratorians at Lyons, he was a brilliant student. His independent religious poise at this formative period is described in his own words:

> As we were educated by Roman Catholics, and in their principles, we were requested to confess once in every month. I had chosen for my confessor one whom I thought to be a pious and conscientious man; and, as I could not understand how it was possible for a man to forgive my sins, I asked him what he could say to satisfy my mind on that

* "The Life of Stephen Grellet." Friends' Publishing House, Philadelphia.

point, for I considered that God alone could forgive sins; a doctrine, however, which I had never heard of. He, seeing further than many other priests, told me that he considered himself invested with such authority only so far as that, if I was sincere, and truly penitent in the sight of God, he was the instrument through whom information was given me that my sins were forgiven."

Young Grellet's power of introspection, which proved to be abnormal in one of his years, soon discovered to him that while outward rites may be a temporary sedative for inward unrest, they have no curative qualities. "Where there is no vision the people perish." The vision was vouchsafed. The cleansing of soiled linen by beating and pounding was the symbol used. The inner voice gave verdict that he must be made white by the washing of regeneration. He was Spirit-taught, as he had previously neither heard nor read of this doctrine. However, his spiritual eyesight was yet clouded, and he but saw men as trees walking. After leaving the university, he turned his back upon formalism, and sought satisfaction in the pleasures of the world. To his sensitive palate the sweets of this world soon became bitter. He exclaimed: "I wondered that the name of pleasure could be given to anything of the kind."

In 1789, France could no longer postpone her judgment day. The throne was set; the books were opened. That terrible cataclysm, the French Revolution, befell. With many thousand of emigrés and exiles, the Grellet brothers fled to Germany. An effort was made to stir up the Continental powers to a counter revolution. He gives us a faithful picture of his mental and moral state at this trying juncture. After a skirmish with the revolutionists, he writes:

> I shudder when I remember the state of insensibility I was in. I was not the least moved when surrounded by people and soldiers, who lavished their abuse upon us, and threatened to hang me to the lamp-post. I coolly stood by, my hands in my pockets, being provided with three pairs of pistols, two of which were double-barrelled. I concluded to wait to see what they would do, resolved, after destroying as many of them as I could, to take my own life with the last. No thought of eternity was then before me, no sense of remembrance that there is a God.
>
> This (insensibility) was such that, whilst their (Royalist) advanced posts were so near those of the French Revolutionists that, though they could not see one another because of the night, they could distinguish the sound of voices and therefore spoke to one another only in a whisper, yet even then they were so intent on card-playing that they did it by the aid of glow-worms. They held these in one hand and the cards in the other, now and then laying them aside to fire upon the enemy in the direction of the voices, whilst they were fired at in return; though now and then some were killed, yet others would readily take their places, and continue the game.

From this date in Grellet's life a wonderful chain of providential links can be traced. Returning to France with the Austrians and Prussians, the Grellets were taken prisoners of war and ordered to be shot. They escaped at the last moment. Reaching Holland, they shipped for Demerara, South America. Here the horrors of a slave colony flourished. Over the people total depravity held sway. If there was any spiritual life it gave no outward experience in church or priest. Influenced by the awful outlook, Stephen Grellet rashly set his seal to the impious affirmation, "There is no God."

Another link was forged when the brothers were frightened out of Demerara by an approaching English fleet, which they took to be French, coming to take possession of the colony. The journey to North America was strangely punctuated. Privateers, sunken

rocks, fire, and fog played their dangerous part. The brothers settled at Newtown, Long Island. In the home of a British officer they found refined and congenial company. A daughter of this home, who conversed in French, introduced them to the works of that great Quaker, William Penn.

We are tracing, not so much the life of a man as the history of a soul. From a Roman Catholic formalist to a moralist, and on to an infidel, travelled this soul. Then came the "great change," about which Nicodemus so anxiously inquired. Here is his own version :

> One evening as I was walking in the fields alone, my mind being under no kind of religious concern, or in the least excited by anything I had heard or thought of, I was suddenly arrested by what seemed to be an awful voice proclaiming the words "Eternity ! Eternity ! Eternity !" It reached my very soul—my whole man shook—it brought me, like Saul, to the ground. The great depravity and sinfulness of my heart were set open before me, and the gulf of everlasting destruction which I was verging. I was made bitterly to cry out, "If there is no God, doubtless there is a hell." I found myself in the midst of it. For a long time it seemed as if the thundering proclamation was yet heard. After that I remained almost whole days and nights, exercised in prayer that the Lord would have mercy upon me, expecting that he would give me some evidence that he had heard my supplication. But for this I was looking to some outward manifestation, my experience being entirely of that nature.

Not possessing, nor even having seen, a French Bible, he made strenuous efforts to read an English Bible. He attended regularly the silent meetings of the Friends. When the silence was broken he received no assistance, because the words spoken were in an unknown tongue. In the silence, however, he sought and found. His record reads : "I was favoured to find within what I had so long, and with so many tears, sought for without." He was led to join the Friends, and in their communion exercised his gifts as a layman.

All too briefly we sketch the steps which led to his truly apostolic life. He thought he heard a voice saying, "Proclaim unto others what the Lord has done for thy soul." "Thou knowest, O Lord, that I cannot speak English so as to be understood," was his answer. Other difficulties were in his way. His father was in prison, his mother was suffering the severest privations, his means were low, and he could not find suitable employment. On going to Philadelphia he had an opportunity to embark somewhat extensively in business, but the dangers therefrom to his new-found regeneration of soul were accounted too many, and he turned to the teaching of French. This did not promise to be remunerative. Anxious thoughts for temporalities crowded in on him, until he stood solidly on the promise, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Losing his life he found it. This time of seclusion gave him the needed leisure to master English, and to listen to that voice which was sending him forth with a message to the nations. His gifts as a speaker and his graces of spirit could not be hid. In March, 1798, in his twenty-sixth year, Stephen Grellet was duly recognized as a minister of Christ in the Quaker fellowship. He showed his Protestantism by identifying himself with the protest against the traffic in Africans. The supernatural cannot be eliminated from this life. He describes himself as seeing visions, hearing voices, receiving impressions. When the yellow fever devastated Philadelphia, in 1798, Grellet visited the sick and dying,

and helped to bury the dead until himself smitten by the malignant disease. His coffin was ordered, and he was reported among the daily deaths to the Board of Health. He says : "Whilst death seemed to be approaching, and I had turned my face to the wall to die, a voice proclaimed in my ear, 'Thou shalt not die, but live ; thy work is not yet done.'"

The following year saw him engaged in business in New York, with Pauline independence, that he might not be chargeable unto any. John Hall, coming from England on a missionary tour, summoned him to be his companion in the service of the Gospel. With this colleague, Grellet made his first two missionary journeys, of many thousands of miles, in America.

In 1804 he married Rachel Collins, of New York. The union proved to be a happy and sympathetic one. During the same year he came to Canada to preach to those who spoke his native language, and to follow some of the Indian trails. After seventeen years of exile he returned to France. His father, worn out with imprisonment, and the unkindly vicissitudes of a stormy life, had succumbed in 1803, but his mother still lived to pay for prayers on behalf of her son. One of the happiest incidents of this eventful life was the subsequent conversion and wonderful spiritual enlightenment of his mother, who lived to extreme old age.

Everywhere Protestant and Catholic doors opened to this strange preacher in a quaint Quaker garb that could not hide the accomplished manners and native suavity of the wearer. He had no troublesome creed to expound or defend, but emphasized always the necessity of an inward religion of the heart, for "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." His remarkable access to all grades and conditions of people was not without the minimum amount of opposition. In his native town he was charged with being an ally of Bonaparte, who had been brought from America to undermine the Roman Catholic religion. In other quarters, he was promised honours and preferments if he would return to the Church of his youth.

Returning to America his unique ministry flowed on like a refreshing stream. He shared the hospitality of the White House ; he pleaded the cause of the slave in Methodist churches and court-houses ; he visited Thomas Paine on his death-bed. His journal throws a flood of light on the manner of this deist's going. Paine was in destitution, and Mary Roscoe, a Quakeress, ministered to him :

> Once he asked her if she had ever read any of his writings, and on being told that she had read but very little of them, he inquired what she thought of them, adding, "From such a one as you I expect a correct answer." She told him that when very young his "Age of Reason" was put into her hands, but that the more she read in it, the more dark and distressed she felt, and she threw the book into the fire. "I wish all had done as you," he replied ; "for if the Devil has ever had any agency in any work he has had it in my writing that book." When going to carry him some refreshments, she repeatedly heard him uttering the language, "O Lord ! Lord God !" or, "Lord Jesus ! have mercy upon me."

In 1811, Grellet visited Great Britain. His efforts in the cause of popular education were the seed from which grew the unswerving identification of the Society of Friends with this movement. Is it too much to assert that the spirit of Stephen Grellet is embodied again in the great Nonconformist struggle for popular education that is being carried on in the true

Quaker fashion, of passive resistance—men accepting the spoiling of their goods for conscience's sake. Space forbids anything but a hint here and there of the scope of his labours. It is beyond doubt that his visits to the loathsome prisons, and his appeals for reform started that elect woman, Elizabeth J. Fry, on her world-wide ministry of mercy. Into the women's wards of Newgate he went, and aroused such an interest on behalf of the prisoners that into those very wards the Lord Mayor of London conducted the King of Prussia, while Mrs. Fry led in supplicating God's throne for mercy and cleansing.

As Paul was called to stand before kings, so was Stephen Grellet. Nevertheless, almost insurmountable obstacles blocked his path. Travelling was exceedingly difficult. The war spirit, kindled by Napoleon, was still blazing ; the restrictive and suspicious passport system trammelled individual liberty ; the message delivered witnessed against the shedding of human blood, and it was preached to those who had caused it to flow as a river. Arriving in Toulouse, a few days after a battle between the English and French, he saw, in several parts of the city, piles of legs and arms, which had been amputated, like heaps of wood. He found safety and work in Geneva. His life and teachings are among the influences culminating in the evangelical revival in Switzerland.

Passing into Germany he met waggon loads of wounded soldiers. From the waggons flowed streams of blood. His record of this time of horrors shows him among robbers, murderers, and contagion, constantly presenting the gospel of peace on earth and good will to men. Finding his way back to London, he presented a petition to the royal heads of the Allied army, drawn up by the Friends, urging, "That the Gospel of Christ demanded a spirit of peace in the future government of Europe." Alexander of Russia especially appeared to feel deeply on the subject, and said that his concern had been great that the several crowned heads might settle their differences by arbitration and not by the sword. Some years elapsed before he started on a mission to Northern Europe. He visited Hayti in the interests of the coloured population. Before the palace of the President, who sat by his side, he spoke to six thousand soldiers, urging them to enlist under the standard of the Prince of Peace.

In 1818, he went to Northern Europe. On his mission of mercy he began by visiting the prison at Abo, Finland. The number and weight of the irons on the prisoners exceeded anything Grellet had seen in his extensive travels. A sketch was made of these irons, to be shown to the Emperor. This small sketch led to lighter irons being used. Before the Archbishop and the clergy of the Greek Church he pleaded for liberty of conscience. The picture drawn of Michael, the Metropolitan of the Greek Church, is striking in its contrast to our drab wanderers. "The Metropolitan, to receive us, had put on his richly embroidered garments; he had on his head a tiara, with a cross made of emeralds and diamonds ; from a golden chain on his neck hung a fine picture of one of their saints." The visit proved to be a most cordial one, although Grellet quaintly contrasted the simplicity of the Quaker garb and worship with his lordship's pompous attire.

His intercourse with the Emperor was marked with brotherliness. He made him sit down on a sofa on each side of him. "Like old friends," he said. They informed

the Emperor of the horrible conditions of his own prisons and workhouses. The peaceable nature of Christ's kingdom was fully discussed. The Emperor assured them that "The plan of all crowned heads joining to submit to arbitration whatever differences might arise among them, instead of resorting to the sword, had presented itself to his mind in such a manner that he rose from his bed and wrote what he then so sensibly felt." Before parting they knelt in prayer.

The Emperor's letters of introduction to the provincial governors, and to his ambassadors, were the official keys which opened to them prisons, houses of correction, hospitals, the homes of ecclesiastical dignitaries, military governors, and chief ministers of police. They testified in all those places that "All outward rites and observances are but forms, Christ and His Spirit are the substance."

Their work in Turkey and Greece is summed up thus: They visited schools and hospitals; they mitigated the unspeakable tortures of prisoners in dungeons; they bore testimony against the evils of war and strong drink."

Southern Italy was the next objective point. In his third interview with the Prime Minister, he laid before him the condition of six thousand galley-slaves imprisoned at Naples. Great numbers of youthful criminals were chained to older ones. As a result of these interviews marked reforms took place. In Rome even the door of the Inquisition turned on its rusty hinges to admit the Quaker philanthropist. Of his visit to Pope Pius VII., he writes: "One dressed like a cardinal, but who is the Pope's *valet de chambre,* opened the door of his cabinet, and said in Italian, 'The Quaker has come,' when the Pope said, 'Let him come in,' on which the priest who was to act as interpreter led me in, no one else being present; as I was entering the door some one behind me gently, but quickly, took off my hat," which his Quaker principles forbade his removing, "and before I could look for it, the door was quickly closed upon us three." During their conversation the Pope gave assent to the sentiment that "God alone has a right to control the conscience of men."

On his third visit to Central Europe, nor yet on his fourth, from 1831 to 1834, which proved to be the most extensive of all, can we dwell. Worn with toil and travel he retired to Burlington, New Jersey, where he spent the remaining years of his life engaged in works of mercy and love. His closing days were like a mellow, golden sunset, suffused with a radiance of heaven. He lingered on to his seventy-second year. His long life of valiant service for God and for man is his own best epitaph. Like Goldsmith's village pastor, he

> Allured to brighter worlds, and led
> the way.

LIFE'S LABOUR.

It is well, sometimes, in the worry of life,
To pause and listen to others' strife;
To feel the jostling, to hear the beat
Of the wheels of time on the busy street
That leads us home.

Oh, human hearts! how strange it seems,
With so much woe, and want, and need,
That ye gather strength in the trial hour,
And grasp the reins with a mightier power,
And still press on.

Is there nobler work in heaven above,
Where all is light, and joy, and love,
Than earth-born spirits do and dare,
In faith and hope, trusting His care,
Who trod this path?

Then, weary ones, fresh courage take!
The victory won, the golden gate
Is opened wide, and God's own hand
Will lead you home to that blest land,
To rest at last.

AN EPIC OF EMPIRE.*

R. KIPLING long since established his reputation as the Laureate of the Empire, or, as it has been more prosily put, the watch-dog of the Empire. In this volume rings the same high note as in "The Seven Seas." He is more than ever the poet of Imperialism. Not the mere jingo Imperialism of the music-halls, but the prophetic utterance of the man who sees the Empire welded into one by the hand of God on the anvil of doom. The far-flung outposts of that Empire are apostrophized and commemorated in these poems—Canada, Australia, South Africa, and the islands of the seas—and what a roll-call it is, far beyond the dreams of an Alexander or a Julius Cæsar! "The Five Nations" is but the complement to that essential part of this great Empire, "The Seven Seas." His allusions echo the boom of the ocean surges—"the heave and the halt, and the hurl and the crash of the comber, wind-hounded."

One of the most striking poems is "The Bell Buoy," that, wrestling with the storm and heaving tides, exults in its more strenuous service than that of the church bells far inland:

There was never a priest to pray,
  There was never a hand to toll,
When they made me guard of the bay,
  And moored me over the shoal.
  I rock, I reel, I roll—
My four great hammers ply—
  Could I speak or be still at the Church's will?
  (Shoal! 'Ware shoal!) Not I!

In the poem, "White Horses"—the horses of the Lord, the breakers crashing on the deadly reef—we feel the great elemental forces of the sea:

Who holds the rein upon you!
  The latest gale set free.
What meat is in your mangers?
  The glut of all the sea.
'Twixt tide and tide's returning
  Great store of newly dead,
The bones of those that faced us,
  And the hearts of those that fled.

There is something grim and gripping in his poems to "The Cruisers" and "The Destroyers":

The strength of twice three thousand horse,
  That seek the single goal;
The line that holds the rending course,
  The hate that swings the whole:
The stripped hulls, slinking through the gloom,
  At gaze and gone again—
The brides of death that wait the groom—
  The Choosers of the Slain!

In "The Feet of the Young Men," the longing for the distant wilds, the lonely seas, the mountains, and the moors is wonderfully vivid. The years that have passed since Kipling wrote his "Truce of the Bear" have vindicated his grim conclusion, "There is no truce with Adam-zad, the bear that looks like a man."

In "The Pioneers" and "Explorers," Kipling recognizes the path-finders and founders of empire. "Have I," says one of these who had toiled through mountain pass and frozen desert:

Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades between 'em;
Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thousand head an hour;

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one single acre?
Have I kept one single nugget—(barring samples)? No, not I.
Because my price was paid me ten times over by my Maker.
But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and occupy.
It's God's present to our nation.

* "The Five Nations." By Rudyard Kipling. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co., Limited. Pp. xiii-215. Price, $1.50.

Anybody might have found it, but—His
Whisper came to Me!

That great Imperialist, Cecil Rhodes, the man who "thought in continents," was a man after Kipling's own heart. He ends thus his fine poem on the burial of his hero on the mountain top of Matoppos :

There, till the vision he foresaw
Splendid and whole arise,
And unimagined Empires draw
To council 'neath his skies,
The immense and brooding Spirit still
Shall quicken and control.
Living he was the land, and dead
His soul shall be her soul!

The man who celebrated "Fuzzy Wuzzy" does also ample justice to our late foes, the Boers. Of Joubert he says :

Later shall rise a people, sane and great,
Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one;
Telling old battles over without hate—
Not least his name shall pass from sire to son.

To uncouth, rough and ready Piet he pays a generous tribute in rough and ready way.

Mr. Kipling's theory of empire is not one of aggrandizement, but of solemn service :

Take up the White Man's burden—
No tawdry rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things. . . .
By all ye cry or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your Gods and you.

He has a keen contempt for the small section of England "who think her empire still is the Strand and Holborn Hill," and looks abroad to the wide space of the veldt, the karoo, and the boundless prairies of Britain's greatest sub-empire :

"Not for the Gentiles' clamour—
Insult or threat of blows—
Bow we the knee to Baal,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

His tribute to our own Dominion, barring the scarcely just title he gives us, is a very noble one :

"Carry the word to my sisters—
To the Queens of the East and the South
I have proven faith in the Heritage
By more than the word of the mouth.
They that are wise may follow
Ere the world's war-trumpet blows:
But I—I am first in the battle,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

That was a noble word he puts in the mouth of the young Commonwealth of Australia on her inauguration day, the first day of the century :

"Let the Five Free Nations witness!" But the Young Queen answered swift:
"It shall be crown of our crowning to hold our crown for a gift.
In the days when our folks were feeble thy sword made sure our lands:
Wherefore we come in power to take our crown at thy hands."

So it was done in the Presence—in the Hall of Our Thousand Years,
In the face of the Five Free Nations that have no peer but their peers;
And the Old Queen stooped in the stillness where the jewelled head drooped low:
"Daughter no more, but Sister, and doubly Daughter so.

Kipling's Imperialism is that which exalts the liberties of the people above the privilege of kings :

Lance and torch and tumult, steel and grey-goose wing
Wrenched it, inch and ell and all, slowly from the King.
Till our fathers 'stablished, after bloody years,
How our King is one with us, first among his peers.

The lesson of the war is plainly enforced without any mincing of words :

We have had no end of a lesson: it will do us no end of good. . . .
We made an Army in our own image, on an island nine by seven. . . .
We have had an Imperial lesson; it may make us an Empire yet!

One of the noblest poems, the "Dirge of Dead Sisters," pays a tribute of homage with an exquisite pathos to the nurses in the South African hospitals :

Who recalls the twilight and the ranged tents in order

(Violet peaks uplifted through the crystal evening air),
And the clink of iron teacups and the piteous noble laughter,
And the faces of the Sisters with the dust upon their hair?

When we fled consuming through the Seven Hells of fever,
These put out their hands to us and healed and made us whole.

Bold behind the battle, in the open camp all-hallowed,
Patient, wise, and mirthful in the ringed and reeking town,
These endured unresting till they rested from their labours—
Little wasted bodies, ah, so light to lower down!

Wherefore we they ransomed, while the breath is in our nostrils,
Now and not hereafter, ere the meaner years go by—
Praise with love and worship many honourable women,
Those that gave their lives for us when we were like to die!

A strange poem, "The Peace of Dives," arraigns the power of gold. In "The Settler" he describes the Boer and Briton engaged in the holy war against the wild, wide waste,

Here, in a large and sunlit land,
Where no wrong bites to the bone,
I will lay my hand in my neighbour's hand
And together we will atone
For the set folly and the red breach
And the black waste of it all,
Giving and taking counsel each
Over the cattle-kraal.

Earth, where we rode to slay or be slain,
Our love shall redeem unto life;
We will gather and lead to her lips again
The waters of ancient strife,
From the far and fiercely-guarded streams
And the pools where we lay in wait,
Till the corn cover our evil dreams
And the young corn our hate.

Bless then, our God, the new-yoked plough
And the good beasts that draw,
And the bread we eat in the sweat of our brow
According to Thy Law.
After us cometh a multitude—
Prosper the work of our hands,
That we may feed with our land's food
The folk of all our lands!

The "Service Songs" are the outcome of Kipling's visit to the larger land of South Africa, its vast spaces, "its high, inexpressible skies." The service man of many adventures, engaged in the humdrum of home life, thus moralizes:

Me that 'ave watched 'arf a world
'Eave up all shiny with dew,
Kopje on kop to the sun,
An' as soon as the mist let 'em through
Our 'elios winkin' like fun—
Three sides of a ninety-mile square,
Over valleys as big as a shire—
Are ye there? Are ye there? Are ye there?
An' then the blind drum of our fire. . . .
An' I'm rollin' 'is lawns for the Squire,
Me!

Me that 'ave rode through the dark
Forty mile often on end,
Along the Ma'ollisberg Range,
With only the stars for my mark
An' only the night for my friend,
An' things runnin' off as you pass,
An' things jumpin' up in the grass,
An' the silence, the shine an' the size
Of the 'igh inexpressible skies . . .
I am takin' some letters almost
As much as a mile, to the post,
An' 'Mind you come back with the change!'
Me!

Me that 'ave followed my trade
In the place where the lightnin's are made,
'Twixt the Rains and the Sun and the Moon;
Me that lay down an' got up
Three years an' the sky for my roof—
That 'ave ridden my 'unger an' thirst
Six thousand raw mile on the 'oof.
Me!

Still "he is doing his Sunday-school best" to honestly earn his bread.

There is grim humour and not a little pathos in some of these poems in which the war is discussed from the Tommy Atkins point of view. The service man thus comments on his old friend Piet:

He's shoved 'is rifle 'neath my nose
Before I'd time to think,
An' borrowed all my Sunday clo'es
An' sent me 'ome in pink;
An' I 'ave crept (how I 'ave crept!)
On 'ands an' knees I've gone,
And spoored and floored and caught and kept
An' sent him to Ceylon!

The heart of the Empire responds strongly to these Imperial strains. There are some things in the "Service Songs," as there were in the

"Barrack-Room Ballads," to which we object; but the high ethical and even religious character of the book on the whole makes it an addition of power to our imperishable legacy of English song.

The London Spectator thus commends Kipling and his message: "Mr. Kipling is the upholder and the interpreter of the true Imperialism, the supporter of nationhood and freedom within the Empire, and the advocate of those sacred bonds of brotherhood and common feeling which link without strain and bind without friction. His are the invisible, unbreakable cords which unite the heart-strings, not the links of bullion or of material interest which unite the purse.

"When the world is ringing with appeals to refound the Empire on tables of exports and imports and on schedules in a tariff, and to substitute for the sure ties of sentiment and emotion the weak, uncertain, and often strife-provoking nexus of material interest; when we are told 'no preference, no Empire,' and are assured that unless we can make it worth their while the colonies are not going to be such fools as to stick to the Old Country; and when we have it dinned daily into our ears that it is not 'the Abbey makes us we,' but the prospect of a preferential tariff—what a comfort it is to find a poet who deals, not with these chimeras of the counting-house, but with the realities of the human heart. Mr. Kipling, it is alleged, is personally in favour of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. It may be so; but if it is, we do not greatly care. All we know is that his inspiration rings true, and that when his lyre is in his hand he gives us the authentic airs of freedom, and of that true Imperialism which is the very negation of the sordid and sorry commercialism which has not imagination enough to conceive an empire founded on anything but a preference of 20 per cent.

"Not the most obvious, but certainly the subtlest, and, in our view at any rate, the most poignant, of the poems which proclaim the true bonds of empire is that entitled 'The Parting of the Columns.' It has in it the secret impulse which may some day not only astonish, but pulverize the world:

". . . On the —th instant a mixed detachment of colonials left —— for Cape Town, there to rejoin their respective homeward-bound contingents after fifteen months' service in the field. They were escorted to the station by the regular troops in garrison and the bulk of Colonel ——'s column, which has just come in to refit, preparatory to further operations. The leave-taking was of the most cordial character, the men cheering each other continuously."—Any Newspaper.

Our blood 'as truly mixed with yours—all down the Red Cross train,
We've bit the same thermometer in Bloemingtyphoidtein.
We've 'ad the same old temp'rature—the same relapses too,
The same old sawbacked fever-chart. Good-bye—good luck to you!

Think o' the stories round the fire, the tales along the trek—
O' Calgary an' Wellin'ton, an' Sydney and Quebec;
Of mine an' farm, an' ranch an' run, an' moose an' cariboo,
An' parrots peckin' lambs to death! Good-bye—good luck to you!

We've seen your 'ome by word o' mouth, we've watched your rivers shine,
We've 'eard your bloomin' forests blow of eucalip' and pine;
Your young, gay countries north an' south, we feel we own 'em too,
For they was made by rank an' file. Good-bye—good luck to you!

We'll never read the papers now without inquirin' first
For word from all those friendly dorps where you was born an' nursed
Why, Dawson, Galle, an' Montreal—Port Darwin—Timaru,
They're only just across the road! Good-bye—good luck to you!

Is anything more deeply moving, more full of the true meaning of

empire, to be found "in ancient or in modern books enrolled ?"

In "The Return" is summed up the whole of the national lesson of the war :

If England was what England seems,
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we'd drop 'er ! But she ain't !

The London Outlook says :

"It is his note of high seriousness which marks Mr. Kipling out from the easy, frivolous jingoes as a true Imperialist. And by that sign he conquers. He has swept England before him, because he has had the faith and courage to hail the Empire, not as a bribe, but as a 'burden.' For mankind is always more irresistibly drawn to the cross than to the crown.

"But while we may call Mr. Kipling the poet of Imperialism, it would be a vital mistake to regard him as nothing else. His Imperialism is but one application of his profound spiritual message. He has shown modern politics generally to be as capable of poetic treatment as the most stirring ages of romance, and he has been able to do this because he sees politics in the light of a great faith, a definite religion. Like all real poets, he has a vision of the universe, a 'scheme of salvation' for men. He sees life as a great battle between light and darkness, a gradual conquest of order over chaos. Of this everlasting Armageddon the struggle of the British Empire to come into effective being seems to him a part ; colonists and explorers he honours as the pioneers of law in the midst of anarchy.

"It would be hard to show that Kipling is nowhere guilty of loosing 'such boastings as the Gentiles use,' and imagining, with 'the heathen,' a vain thing. But one prefers to recognize that the general tenor of the book is not unworthy of this, its solemn final note. And it was peculiarly appropriate that while the populace were rejoicing light-heartedly in the pageantry of empire, the great Imperialist should have studied the note of eternal warning :

" Far-called, our navies melt away ;
On dune and headland sinks the fire :
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget ! "

THROUGH THE NEW YEAR.

Through the new year, whose gates we enter now,
Be near me, Son of God ;
Teach me in lowliness to walk, where Thou,
Going before, hast trod.
If my poor heart grow faint, and fear be nigh,
And hope depart from me,
Dear heart of Jesus, bear me up, till I
Shall gain new strength from Thee.

Worn in the travail of the past sad years,
Sorely my soul was tried ;
Yet, when my grief found no relief in tears,
Thou, Christ, wast at my side.
Folding me in Thy breast, as a tired child,
Thou soothedst me in my need ;
O blessed Saviour, merciful and mild,
I was Thy child, indeed.

New faith, new hopes, new strength for the new year—
New service in Thy name ;
Where'er my duty leadeth far or near,
I go, with lofty aim.
Yet in humility, and striving still,
Like my Lord sacrificed,
Only to do my Heavenly Father's will,
Toward Thee, through Thee, dear Christ.

A GREAT FAITH.

BY DAVID LYALL.

AWOKE with a start to find some one standing by my bed, and the Doctor's voice called together my wandering wits. "You'll need to get up, David, and drive me to the other side of the glen. See what you get by invading a solitary man's abode."

"Oh, that's all right," I answered, as I jumped out of bed. "What time is it?"

"Ten minutes past four, and a glorious morning. When you've got your eyes fairly opened, you'll enjoy the drive; I'll have the tea ready in ten minutes."

"Who came for you?"

"The man body on a farm-horse. He's off again, poor chap, and he'll have an ache in his bones all day; he's ridden for all he is worth on the great lumbering brute. Some folks have no gumption."

He did not explain this dark saying, but left me to my dressing, which was quickly accomplished, and I ran lightly downstairs, to find a little tray set, and a simple breakfast ready.

"Is Kirsty up?" I asked in surprise.

"No; I've learned to help myself, and no man knows when we shall get another bite, so fall to. Up Torphinn way they think whiskey the panacea for every ill. I've been offered it for solid meat most days of my life, I believe. They'd fill me 'fou' before breakfast, and then lift their hands in horror because I was no use at my work; that's human nature all over."

I laughed as I essayed a mouthful of bread and butter, which, however, did not go down very easily. I was not used to sudden calls and hasty meals at an hour when other folks slept, and though I admired the leisurely way in which the Doctor made his substantial breakfast, I could not imitate him. He looked at me with good-natured scorn. "Eat away, or you'll need to take a piece in your pocket, lad. Well, I'll get the beast in."

"Let me do it," I said, jumping up, and off I went to the stable. I had been five days in Amphray, and we had become intimates in the true sense of the word. I had never enjoyed myself in any house so well, nor felt more thoroughly at home. And each day increased my admiration and pride in the Doctor, and my gratitude for the happy inspiration which had bidden me to him. In another ten minutes the wheels of the gig awoke the echoes in the sleeping street, but never a head popped over a blind to watch. I dare say more than one drowsy head turned on its pillow, dimly conscious that the healer was abroad, and, perhaps, glad that he was not needed at his bedside.

The still beauty of the new day sank into my soul as we left the house behind, and essayed the long, hilly road to the head of the glen. Even the garrulous have their moments of reserve, and I defy any man to mouth vain words in the hush of the summer morning, when the earth, fresh from the hand of God, greets him holily. Then, if ever, he must feel what a beautiful and wondrous and holy thing is the earth the Lord has made; it is then he will feel sharpness of regret if he has done anything in his own life

unworthy of his heritage in it. The level lines of the risen sun lay athwart the purpling hills, making sharp and dark their shadows. It shone clear and glorious on the running waters of the burn, whose purling music filled all the air. There was none abroad in all the land, apparently, only we two, and the meek-faced sheep contemplated us wonderingly, with pathetic and enquiring bleat, mingling harmoniously with the soft indescribable music of the new day.

The Doctor sat well back in his seat while I drove, and for half an hour we never spoke a word.

"I've a mind to hire you at a big wage, Davie, to drive me for evermore," he said at length, in his whimsical way.

"I only wish I could do it," I answered truthfully at the moment. "It would simplify life a good deal."

"For a time," he admitted musingly. "But you're to have a fighting life far from these peaceable wilds; I see it in your eye."

"I'm not particularly fond of fighting, though I've done my share of licking in my time, and suffered it, too," I answered with a laugh.

"It'll come all the same, nothing surer. Every man has to bear his part, some near and some far. You will quit yourself like a man, lad. If I'd a son, I would have had him such as you."

"I'm glad you say that," I answered, with a glow at my heart.

"It's what I mean. I say, David, look at the light between the hills and the sky, just over yonder to the left; it's like the sea on a quiet day. I've often seen it like that, and it has satisfied my hunger for the sea. I was born in sight of the Bass Rock; we'll see it when we get near Torphinn. On a morning like this it'll be a grand, soul-filling view."

"What is Torphinn?" I asked, for though the name seemed familiar, I had no knowledge of it.

"We are going to a farm, a nasty, sour place, where a man has to tear his living from the soil. There are farms in Scotland, David, which a man should get for nothing, and be praised if he doesn't starve on them. Torphinn is one, but it's one of the bonniest spots to look at God ever made."

"Isn't there a big house of Torphinn?" I asked.

"Yes; but we are going to Thomas Brodie, at Mains of Torphinn."

We drove on again in silence, and soon swerved from the glen road and cut across the hill at its base. Then a new country, fairer than that we had left, opened out before us, hills upon hills as before, with here and there a patch of yellowing corn, but scarce a tree to give a touch of variety to the scene.

It was almost five o'clock when we arrived at the farmplace, at the door of which stood a man with a look of tense anxiety on his face. He was elderly, and his face bore traces of a long struggle with poverty; there was something pathetic, I thought, in his straggling grey hairs and stern, unrelaxed mouth.

He gave the Doctor "Good morning," and took the horse by the head.

"We'd better unyoke."

"Just wait a bit, Mr. Brodie: perhaps I needn't stay now," said the Doctor, as he leaped from his seat and strode into the house.

"I'll just go in too," said the farmer, and I nodded assent. I was glad to be left, to have a look about the place. It was beautifully situated in a cleft of the hills commanding a glorious sweep of the country, and the air had an intoxicating freshness in it, finer than anything I had ever experienced. I knew by the slowness of our ascent that we must be at least six hundred feet

higher than The Byres. Except its situation, there was nothing specially distinguishing about the place, the usual cluster of farm buildings, rather untidily huddled together, and a plain, bare, two-story house with a breadth of green grass before the door, that was all. It had a poor look; the man who is successful, if he is a normal being, makes haste to beautify and adorn even the outside of his abode; but here there was no attempt. Its bareness indeed had something pathetic in it.

I sat there a good fifteen minutes, until the farmer came out from the house again.

"I'm to tak' out the beast," he said, laconically. "Will you come inside and get some breakfast?"

"We've had it," I answered, as I jumped down.

"But you've had a long drive, and will be ready for a second," he said laconically. I was standing close by him as he took the horse by the head again, and I saw his rough, brown, hardened hand tremble like any woman's. Then I saw that that most cruel of all anxieties, concerning the welfare of one he loved, had him in thrall. I did not trouble him with speech, and when we had put the beast in its strange stall, where he betrayed no uneasiness, being accustomed to all kinds of housing, I said I would take a walk around, and come back in half an hour or so.

He seemed relieved, and I turned to the hill behind the house, where there was a burn running down, and a few stunted birch and rowan trees fringing it. There I found a comfortable seat, and lit my morning pipe, at the same time keeping an eye on the front door of the house. The stir of life at the farm town was beginning; a man crossed the stable-yard and took two horses out to water; a woman in a short winsey petticoat entered the byre with a milking-pail. And so I sat, in no way bored or weary, for a good hour. Then I saw one of the upper windows suddenly thrown open, and I recognized the Doctor in the room. After another half-hour's wait, I saw him at the front door.

I rose and ran down the slope to the house. His face wore an anxious look, and when he saw me, he beckoned me to come quickly.

"I want you to yoke again and go over to Caitha for Doctor Mercer. You can go and come in an hour if you put him on. You won't lose any time."

"Have I to say anything particular to him?"

"No; tell him where he is wanted, and he'll understand."

So I set off again, and, being fortunate in finding the man I sought at breakfast, brought him back in an hour. While they were up-stairs, I accepted the farmer's offer of something to eat, and enjoyed it. He pressed the food on me, but all the time I could see the heavy strain under which he was labouring. In the middle of speech sometimes he would break off and listen for some sound from the upper air.

Presently the room door was abruptly opened, and the Doctor looked in.

"You'll better come up, Mr. Brodie; your wife is asking for you."

"Hoo is she?" he asked, and the sweat-drops stood on his brow.

"Far through, friend. We have done our best, but only the Lord can preserve her life."

I heard the sob strangled in the strong man's throat, and a blight seemed to have fallen on the fairness of the summer morning. It was the first time I had been so near the verities of life; its tragedy sank into my soul. I was glad to get out into the open again; the strained stillness of the house was too oppressive to be borne.

After what seemed an interminable quarter of an hour, the Doctor appeared, and beckoned me from the bottom of the garden to the door.

"We'd better go, David; we must sit three abreast and drop Doctor Mercer at the Caitha road-end."

"How's the woman?" I asked bluntly.

"She'll die," said he abruptly. "Nothing but a miracle could save her. The bairn's all right."

I got the gig, and in a few more minutes we were bowling down the smooth road, a very silent trio. Occasionally a remark of a technical nature would pass between the two regarding the patient they had left, and when we came to the Caitha road, Doctor Mercer slid silently down, nodded, and went his way. Silent men at all times, they seemed specially so then. They had done their best, working to each other's hands, as they had done all their life through, and their disappointment was written on their faces.

"It's this that makes me wish I had chosen any other calling, David," he said, when we had settled ourselves comfortably for the remainder of the journey. "To look in a man's eyes and tell him you can do no more, that you are helpless to save what he most prizes on earth, it takes the starch out of one, lad, I can tell you that."

"She's a young woman, I suppose?"

"Yes, a mere bairn. It's a pathetic story. You wouldn't think Thomas Brodie had been going about all his days with a romance hidden under his home-spun jacket, would you?"

"Indeed no; he looks stolid enough."

"To the outward eye. Five-and-twenty years ago he cared for a woman who wouldn't look at him. She married another man for his looks and his wheedling ways, and she paid for it through ten years of misery; then she died, and left her only child—to whom do you think? Her old lover. Her father deserted her, and went off to the ends of the earth, and Brodie took the bairn home to Torphinn, where she grew up as winsome as her mother had been in her youth. Then Brodie found that their life couldn't go on except under new conditions. He loved her, you see, and, to make a long story short, for the man went through many torments before he asked her, they were married a twelvemonth past at Martinmas, and this is the end. The Almighty has queer ways of testing men. Brodie's deeply religious in his way, he's a kind of preacher up there in the lonely hills, and God might have spared her, that's what I think."

"Perhaps He may," I hazarded, but the Doctor shook his head.

"Unless I've made the biggest mistake of my life, she'll be a dead woman before the setting of the sun," he said, and we talked of the subject no more. Late in the evening an old-fashioned lumbering farm gig, drawn by a thick-legged horse, drove up to the Doctor's door. We were finishing our dinner and enjoying our talk, as usual; the Doctor seemed to know who it was before the bell rang. "That'll be Brodie to tell me the poor soul's gotten by with it," he said, lapsing, as he sometimes did, into the idiom of the Dale, and he strode out of the room. When he came back there was a puzzled look on his face. "He says she's better, David, and that she'll live. He speaks with the confidence of a man who knows."

"Are you going up?"

He nodded. "I'll just go back with him. In an hour's time you can yoke the black mare in the little gig, and come as far as Caitha road-end to meet me. I'll get to the cross-roads about nine o'clock."

I stood by the window and watched them drive away again, and

I saw that a change since the morning had come on Brodie's face. The strained look had left it; his expression was one of peace.

Punctually at nine I was at the cross-roads, but the Doctor was there before me. "He's right, she'll live. It's beyond me; you should have heard him speak about it as we drove up, David; it would have been good enough for any book."

"What did he say?" I asked with deep interest.

"He said that after I left he was no more able to bear the four walls of the house, and, calling the dog, he went away to the hills after the sheep, tramping the highest of them until he reached the remotest corner of the place. And there he knelt down, he said, and wrestled with the Lord for his wife's life. 'I telt Him,' he said, 'that I had served Him day in and day out for thirty years, and that I had asked naething frae His hand: that ither men had the things that mak' life worth living, I had only her; an' I swore that if she was taen, I should never do mair good in this world, but only evil. I cried to Him mightily, and when I got frae my knees and went back to the hoose, I kent He had heard me, and that Jeanie would live.'"

"It's no canny," said I.

"That kind of a man, living solitary all his days with dumb beasts and growing things that come from the hand of God, is nearer the Eternal than such as we. His faith is great, and his expectation without a flaw. He has proven to the uttermost the words, 'Ask, and it shall be given you.'"

"Other men have asked and been denied."

"Not as Brodie asked. I read my lesson with him this day. David, yon's a faith that a king on the throne might envy, a faith to move mountains."

So Thomas Brodie of Torphinn, having wrestled with God and prevailed, saw his wife restored to ultimate health, and her bonnie bairn toddling by her side. And always from that day my thought of him was associated with near and intimate communion with the Unseen, possible in this world only to very few.—*The British Weekly.*

FAREWELL, OLD YEAR.

Farewell, Old Year, we walk no more together,
I catch the sweetness of thy latest sigh;
And, crowned with yellow brake and withered heather,
I see thee stand beneath this cloudy sky.

Here, in the dim light of a gray December,
We part in smiles, and yet we met in tears,
Watching thy chilly dawn, I well remember
I thought thee saddest born of all the years.

I knew not then what precious gifts were hidden
Under the mists that veiled thy path from sight;
I knew not then that joy would come unbidden
To make thy closing hours divinely bright.

I only saw the dreary clouds unbroken,
I only heard the plash of icy rain;
And in that winter gloom, I found no token
To tell me that the sun would shine again.

O dear Old Year, I wronged a Father's kindness;
I would not trust Him with my load of care,
I stumbled on in weariness and blindness,
And lo! He blessed me with an answered prayer.

Good-bye, kind Year! We walk no more together,
But here in quiet happiness we part;
And, from thy wreath of faded fern and heather,
I take some sprays and wear them on my heart.

THE RELATION OF EGYPTOLOGY TO BIBLICAL AND CLASSICAL RESEARCH.

BY THE REV. E. M. BURWASH, M.A.

I.

TO all students of the Bible, as well as to classical scholars, Egypt has always been a land of interest, from the numerous passages, in both sacred and profane writers, in which it is mentioned, described, or made the scene of historic action. It has also been from the earliest historic times a land of marvels, full of gigantic wrecks of temples, tombs, and statues, vaster than any which exist elsewhere. But until the year 1799 it was also a land over whose history, the life of whose people, and even the uses of their surviving monuments, mists and darkness hovered, penetrable only, outside of Hebrew or classic writings, by the avenues of legend or conjecture.

Day broke upon the darkness with the discovery of the Rosetta Stone*; and when, through its instrumentality, the thousands of existing inscriptions became legible, the main events in the history of Egypt began to unroll themselves from stele and obelisk, from pylon and temple, from palace and tomb, until at last a continuous chronology, reaching back to nearly five thousand years before Christ, had been determined, and the laws, religion, customs, and habits of these ancient times began to take shape in the increasing light which the progress of exploration produced.

The sources of information which became accessible were not, however, by any means limited to inscriptions and papyri, though to these we owe the outlines and fixed points in the historical structure reared by the Egyptologist. The impetus obtained in this way led on to improved methods, and to-day the stratification of the mounds representing ancient town sites, the shape of a pot, the pattern of a bead or mummy-case, gives the trained explorer a clue as to the time of the article itself, and those found in the same layer of deposit, or as a geologist would express it, in the same horizon. In fact, archæology has developed into something which may be truthfully called a connecting link between the historic and geologic records, a science which by the use of geological methods secures historical results.

In this way—the inscriptions and the stratification, so to speak, supplementing each other—the history of Egypt has within the last four years been pushed back beyond the reign of Mena, the founder of the first recognized dynasty, over the reigns of five hitherto prehistoric kings, known as Ka, Ro, Zeser, Narmer, and Sma, and we know that before their time a vast period of development reaches back; but how far into its depths we may be able to advance with certain steps, time alone can tell.

At this most ancient period, bordering on the prehistoric, while many arts, including the hierogly-

* The Rosetta Stone bore a trilingual inscription written in the ancient Egyptian character, in the current or demotic character, and in Greek. Through the latter, the others, long lost, were made translatable.

phic writing, had not as yet reached their fullest development, yet there is much cause for thought in the fact that at a period fully seven thousand years ago, handicrafts had attained to such beauty and perfection. The potter's wheel had not yet been invented, yet the hand-shaped pots of that time, while not perfectly symmetrical, yield place to none in beauty of outline. They are glazed by burnishing them with powdered iron oxide, which gave a fine polish and rich red colour, and afterwards fired, apparently by burying them in the sand and building a fire above. The top parts of the pots, exposed to the fire, are thus turned black by the partial reduction of the iron oxide, and the final result is at once artistic and unique.

TYPICAL EGYPTIAN VILLAGE OF THE BETTER CLASS, WITH GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.

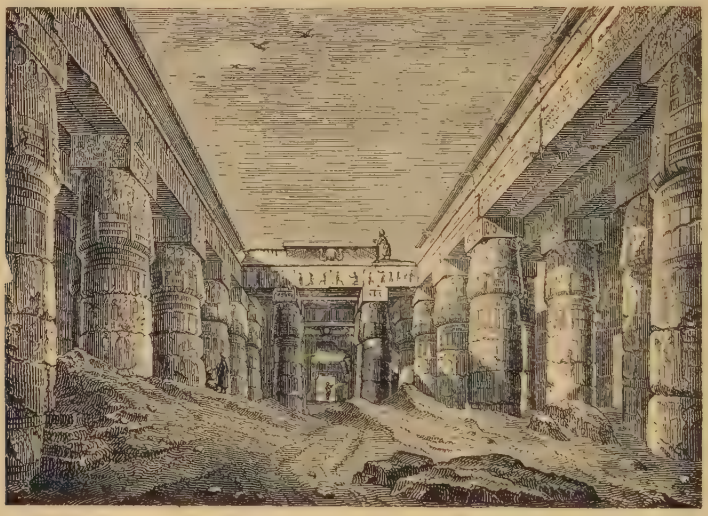
Later pottery, turned upon the wheel, and varying in shape, glaze, and colour, differs entirely from this, and as the fashions continued to change throughout the whole period of Egyptian history, the finding of a single piece of pottery would indicate to the expert, within fairly well-defined limits, the date of the remains with which he had to do. The flesh-pots of Egypt have, therefore, an interest for us more legitimate, if less direct, than that of the ancient Israelites, arising not merely from their domestic uses—which, indeed, render them the most universally distributed, and hence most characteristic of time and locality of all remains—but also from the fact that the funerary customs of the Egyptians of all periods led to their deposition in tombs, where they have remained hidden, and often uninjured, during the ages of change and rapine before the advent of the conscientious explorer.

Besides aiding in the fixing and correlation of periods, they have other lessons to teach, such as the origin of art motives in shape and decoration, long supposed to be Greek, but which now appear to have originated in Egypt at a period when the Greeks were mere savages; but this may be better dealt

with in another part of this paper. Enough has, perhaps, been said to emphasize the importance of pottery in archæological work.

At the oldest period, that upon which the Egypt Exploration Fund survey has laboured during the last few years, the art of embalming was as yet unknown. The bodies were placed in an oblong pit, about twelve by eight feet in size, with a depth of three or four feet, walled with brick or wood, paved with cobble and roofed with wood, the whole dug in the sand or river rection. The bones of animals are also often present, indicating that fresh meat as well as wine and other food was among the deposits.

When found, the skeletons in these tombs have usually reached a stage of decomposition in which they crumble at a touch, the wooden tops have long since fallen in, and the pots and stone objects, broken or entire, are the only remains which can be removed; all other study must be done upon the spot. The most important materials, therefore, collected from such tombs, are



RUINED TEMPLE, UPPER EGYPT.

silt. In the centre of this area the body lay upon its left side, the arms folded with the hands crossed upon the breast, the knees bent upward toward the chin. Surrounding the body were articles of daily use or ornament, the warrior's weapons, the lady's palette for mixing cosmetics. The greater part of the space, however, was occupied by pots and vases of varying sizes and shapes, no doubt originally containing food for the support of the wraith of the departed during the time he must wait until the resurusually pottery and stone vases, jars or bowls, bone pendants, toilet articles, including ivory combs, shell beads, and the peculiar slate palettes used for mixing green malachite, powdered, with some medium to be used for pencilling the eyes. This latter custom, still prevalent in the East, we thus see to have come down to us from the very dawn of civilization; we find the evidences of it continuously throughout the whole of Egyptian history. Malachite gave way later to "kohl," or stibium, which is still used, and with this

change the palettes were replaced by pots and flasks, often of dainty materials and workmanship.

There are, besides the articles mentioned, many flint objects, including knives, scrapers, saws, adzes, spear and arrow-heads, and rough figures of animals. The use of flint in Egypt continued down to a very late period. It was used for tools in quarrying the materials for the pyramids and temples. Sickles were made of wood, edged with flint flakes. Hence we have the knives of flint mentioned in Exodus iv. 25, and Joshua v. 23 (R.V.). These may possibly have been of some other material; but, if so, the expression "knife of flint," as synonymous with a sharp knife, leads us back to the time when flint was the material *par excellence* of which knives were made. Flint implements were entirely prehistoric in Europe, the earliest recorded history being of the Bronze Age, but this is by no means the case in Egypt, and, as we know, the Stone Age in America extended to some time after the advent of the European.

As time passed on, the brick tomb gave way to one hollowed in soft sandstone, and covered with sandstone slabs. The body was now preserved by being soaked in bitumen, a method of embalming which continued to be used for the very poor as long as the practice was maintained, a period of over five thousand years.

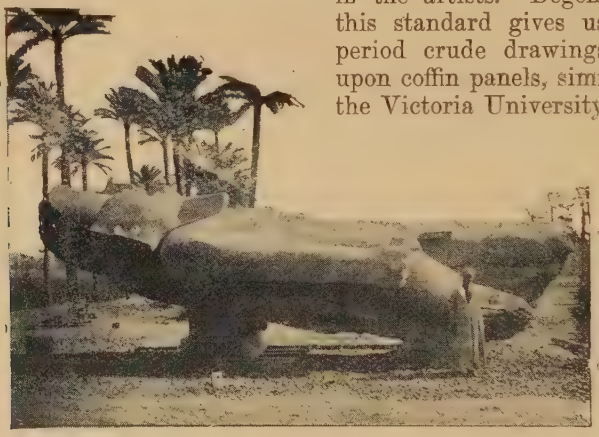
It was only for the rich that forty days were fulfilled, as was the case with Jacob (Genesis l. 3). In this process the body was first opened, the entrails removed, and the cavity filled with spices, then soaked for a time (usually seventy days) in brine (made of salt and natron), the entrails preserved separately in canopic jars, and the body swathed in some hundreds of yards of bandages, smeared with gums, and often interlaid with amulets and figures of deities in gold or pottery over the breast.

Over all, at a later time, was drawn a cartonnage, made of canvas or papyrus and stuccoed, the head being modelled to represent a face, which was gilded, the headdress and neck-ornaments being re-

PALM-GROVE ON THE SITE OF MEMPHIS, ONCE A POPULOUS CITY.

presented by painting. Upon the breast another cartonnage represented a winged deity holding in outstretched hands the sacred eyes, potent to ward off evil spirits, or in the modelled hands of the covering was clasped the *ankh,* or symbol of life. The feet had also a separate case of cartonnage, and the whole was enclosed in two, or perhaps three, coffins of cedar, hermetically plastered and painted without and within.

bandaging, upon which was painted a portrait of the deceased, and our best extant specimens of Greek portraiture have been preserved in this way. This painting was done with colours mixed in melted wax, which in the hot sun of Egypt, remained soft long enough for the painter to finish his work. The portraits themselves are of very great interest and variety, exhibiting perfectly the personality of the subjects and a very high degree of mastery in the artists. Degeneration from this standard gives us at a later period crude drawings in colours upon coffin panels, similar to one in the Victoria University collection.



COLOSSAL STATUE OF RAMESES THE GREAT, MEMPHIS.
A still larger head of Rameses may be seen at Thebes.

Such a mummy would belong to the later period of development, many centuries after the time of Joseph, but no doubt, while the ornamentation changed with the lapse of ages, the process remained substantially the same, having become fixed by the ritual of the priestly caste who performed it.

In this way an expert can determine not only the age, but also the locality, of a mummy, without reference to the inscriptions on the tomb or coffins.

When Greek portraiture, originating in Egypt, had surpassed the mother school, and made its reflex influence felt in Egypt, the gilded, conventional face of the cartonnage gave way to a panel, inserted in the

To return to the development of the tomb itself, the sandstone slabs covering the sepulchral chamber were surmounted, for the sake of security, by a mastaba, or mass of brickwork, with sloping sides. This was prepared during the life of its prospective occupant, and as time or resources allowed, the original mastaba was built higher, and additional coatings of brick were added to the sides, giving a step-like, roughly pyramidal outline; and finally, the whole was encased in masonry, sloping at an even angle from top to bottom, and the pyramid was the result. The sepulchral chamber was now necessarily approached by a passage cut for that purpose through the mass of the

pyramid into the rock beneath. Later pyramids were built entire, without developing through the mastaba stage, and the pyramids of Ghizeh are of this construction, the mud-bricks of the mastaba pyramids being replaced by limestone blocks, while the casing is of granite. The stones of the casing were put on in a rough condition, and afterwards hewn down to an even surface.

COLOSSAL TOMBS NEAR MEMPHIS.
The stone coffins of the sacred bulls are seen in openings to right and left.

As to the skill displayed in construction, some of Professor Petrie's comments, based on careful measurements, may give us the best conception. He says*:

> The results of thus attacking the subject (viz., by the aid of mathematical instruments) were, that on the one hand most brilliant workmanship was disclosed, while on the other it was intermingled with most astonishing carelessness and clumsiness. The laying out of the great pyramid of Khufu (Cheops) is a triumph of skill; its errors, whether in length or in angles, could be covered by placing one's thumb on them; and to lay out a square of more than a furlong in the side (and with rock in the midst of it which prevented any diagonal checks being measured), with such accuracy, shows surprising care. The work of the casing-stones which remain is of the same class, the faces are so straight and so truly square that when the stones were built together the film of mortar left between them is on an average not thicker than one's thumb-nail, though the joint is a couple of yards long, and the levelling of them over long distances has not any larger errors.
>
> Side by side with this splendid work are the strangest mistakes. After having levelled the casing so finely, the builders made a hundred times the error in levelling the shorter length of the King's Chamber, so that they might have done it it better by just looking at the horizon. And the kernel of the whole, the sarcophagus, has much worse work in it than

* "Ten Years' Digging in Egypt." By W. M. F. Petrie. Page 19.

EGYPTIAN MUMMY OF THE SIXTH CENTURY, B.C.
In Museum of Victoria University, Toronto.

EMBALMED HEAD OF SETI I.

in the building, or in the other sarcophagi of the same period. The meaning of this curious discrepancy seems to be that the original architect, a true master of accuracy and fine methods, must have ceased to superintend the work when it was but half done. This suggests that the exquisite workmanship so often found in earlier periods did not so much depend on a large school or widespread ability, as on a few men far above their fellows, whose every touch was a triumph. There were no trades-union rules against "besting one's mates" in those days, any more than in any business at present where real excellence is wanted.

It may be here mentioned that the results of these measurements were "decidedly destructive" for the astronomical and other "theories about the pyramids. They appear to have been tombs pure and simple." The distance round the base is equal to the circumference of a circle whose radius is the height.

A different development from the primitive form of tomb consisted in sinking the chamber far underground by means of a shaft, with or without horizontal passages driven from its foot, at the end of which was the sepulchral chamber. The top of such a shaft was often situated in an upper chamber, either in the mastaba or cut in the face of a cliff, and having an architectural exterior.

In other cases, the entrance to the shaft was carefully concealed. A tomb of this type was that of Aahmes, first king of the eighteenth dynasty, the first Pharaoh of the Oppression, discovered this year (1903) by Mr. Currelley, a distinguished graduate of Victoria Uni-

OUTER MUMMY CASE OF QUEEN AAHMES NOFRETARI.

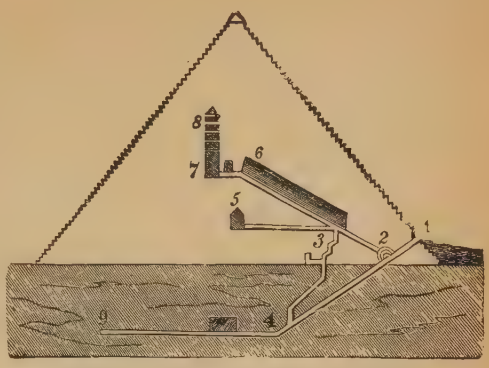
versity, working under the direction of Professor Petrie. The discovery of this tomb solved some questions the answer of which had been unsuccessfully sought for some years by both French and English explorers, and was, therefore, an exceptionally fortunate, as well as creditable, achievement for the young Canadian to whose lot it fell to make it.

In addition to this tomb, Aahmes also possessed a pyramid, but in neither of them was his body found, but in a more obscure retreat at a distance, where it had been placed for greater safety, the pyramid and tomb acting as blinds to put the would-be despoiler upon a false scent.

The general character of such a tomb as this, as well as the nature of Egyptian research work, may be inferred from Amelia B. Edwards' interesting description, adapted from Professor Maspero:

At last, guided half by experience, half by instinct, the explorer decides on a spot and calls up his workmen. They come, perhaps a dozen half-naked Arabs and some fifteen or twenty children—the men armed with short picks, the children with baskets in which to carry away the rubbish. A hole is dug, the sand is cleared away, the stony bed of the desert is reached, and there, just below the feet of the diggers, a square opening is seen in the rock. There is a shout of rejoicing. More men are called up, and the work begins in earnest. The shaft, however, is choked with sand and mud. A little lower down, and it is filled with a sort of concrete composed of chips of limestone, pebbles, sand, and water, which is almost as compact as the native rock. The men get down to a depth of six, twelve, twenty feet. The buckets are now loaded at the bottom and hauled up, generally spilling half their contents by the way.

At last the sun goes down; twilight comes on apace; and the bottom of the square black funnel seems as far off as ever. Then the men trudge off to their homes, followed by the tired children; and the explorer suddenly finds out that he has had nothing to eat since seven



SECTION OF THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

1. Entrance. 2. Ancient door. 3. Shaft. 4. Subterranean Chamber. 5. Queen's Chamber. 6. Great Hall. 7. King's Chamber. 8. Hollows to Relieve Weight. 9. Blind Gallery.

o'clock in the morning, and that he has a furious headache. He goes back, however, at the same hour next morning, and for as many next mornings as need be until the end is reached. That may not be for a week or a fortnight. Some tomb-pits are from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet deep, and some pits lead to a subterraneous passage another hundred or hundred and fifty feet long, which has to be cleared before the sepulchral chamber can be entered. When that long-looked-for moment comes at last, the explorer trusts himself to the rope, a flimsy twist of palm-fibre which becomes visibly thinner with the strain, and goes down as if into a mine.

What will he find to reward him for time spent and patience wearied? Who shall say? Perhaps a great nobleman of the time of Thothmes III., or of Rameses the Great, lying in state, just as they left him there three thousand years ago, enclosed in three coffins gorgeous with gold and colours; his carven staff, his damascened battle-axe, his alabaster vases, his libation vessels and his "funeral baked meats," all untouched and awaiting his resurrection. For so lie the royal and noble dead of those foregone days:

Cased in cedar, and wrapped in a sacred gloom,
Swathed in linen and precious unguents old;
Painted with cinnabar and rich with gold.
Silent they rest in solemn salvatory,
Sealed from the moth and the owl and the flitter-mouse,
Each with his name on his breast.

Or perhaps the explorer may find only a broken coffin, some fragments of mum-

my-cloth, and a handful of bones. The Arabs or the Romans, the Greeks or the Persians, or perhaps the ancient Egyptians themselves, have been there before him, and all the buried treasures,—the arms, the jewellery, the amulets, the papyri, are gone.

Yet even so, there may be an inscription, carved on one of the walls or passages, which alone is worth all the cost of opening the tomb. It may possibly be a new chapter of the Book of the Dead; or a genealogical table of the family of the deceased, restoring some lost link in a royal dynasty; or perhaps a few lines scratched by some Greek or Roman tourist who happened to be there when the tomb was plundered in the days of the Ptolemies or the Caesars.*

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

(After the French of Préchette.)

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Ye night winds shaking the weighted boughs
  Of snow-blanched hemlock and frosted fir,
While crackles sharply the thin crust under
  The passing feet of the wayfarer;

Ye night cries pulsing in long-drawn waves
  Where beats the bitter tide to its flood;
A tumult of pain, a rumour of sorrow,
  Troubling the starred night's tranquil mood;

Ye shudderings where, like a great beast bound,
  The forest strains to its depths remote;
Be still and hark! From the high grey tower
  The great bell sobs in its brazen throat.

A strange voice out of the pallid heaven,
  Twelve sobs it utters, and stops. Midnight!
'Tis the ominous *Hail!* and the stern *Farewell!*
  Of Past and Present in passing flight.

This moment, herald of hope and doom,
  That cries in our ears and then is gone,
Has marked for us in the awful volume
  One step toward the infinite dark—or dawn!

A year is gone, and a year begins.
  Ye wise ones, knowing in Nature's scheme,
O tell us whither they go, the years
  That drop in the gulfs of time and dream.

They go to the goal of all things mortal,
  Where fade our destinies, scarce perceived,
To the dim abyss wherein time confounds them—
  The hours we laughed and the days we grieved.

They go where the bubbles of rainbow break
  We breathed in our youth of love and fame,
Where great and small are as one together,
  And oak and windflower counted the same.

They go where follow our smiles and tears,
  The gold of youth and the gray of age,
Where falls the storm and falls the stillness,
  The laughter of spring and winter's rage.

What hand shall gauge the depth of time
  Or a little measure eternity?
God only, as they unroll before him,
  Conceives and orders the mystery.

—*Independent.*

* "Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers." By Amelia B. Edwards.

IN URUGUAY.

BY L'INCONNU.

MY sketches from foreign lands were gradually winning a place for themselves. The fact is, our occupation of globe-trotting was beginning to prove a little remunerative to me at least. But Malcolm, my elder brother (than whom a more unselfish brother never existed), began to feel that it was unfair that the burden of increasing the funds should rest on me alone. He decided he must turn our travels to account likewise.

The widespread ignorance of the underlying principles of agriculture throughout Latin America had long weighed upon his mind. He determined to take a course in our own Canadian Agricultural College, and then seek to communicate information on the subject wherever he saw it could be of use. To tell the truth I was nothing loath to spend the few years in Canada while he was studying. For after all our wanderings I was convinced at heart that God had made no better land than our own. But Malcolm finished his studies in time. He was eager to try his mettle. But where find the most suitable field ?

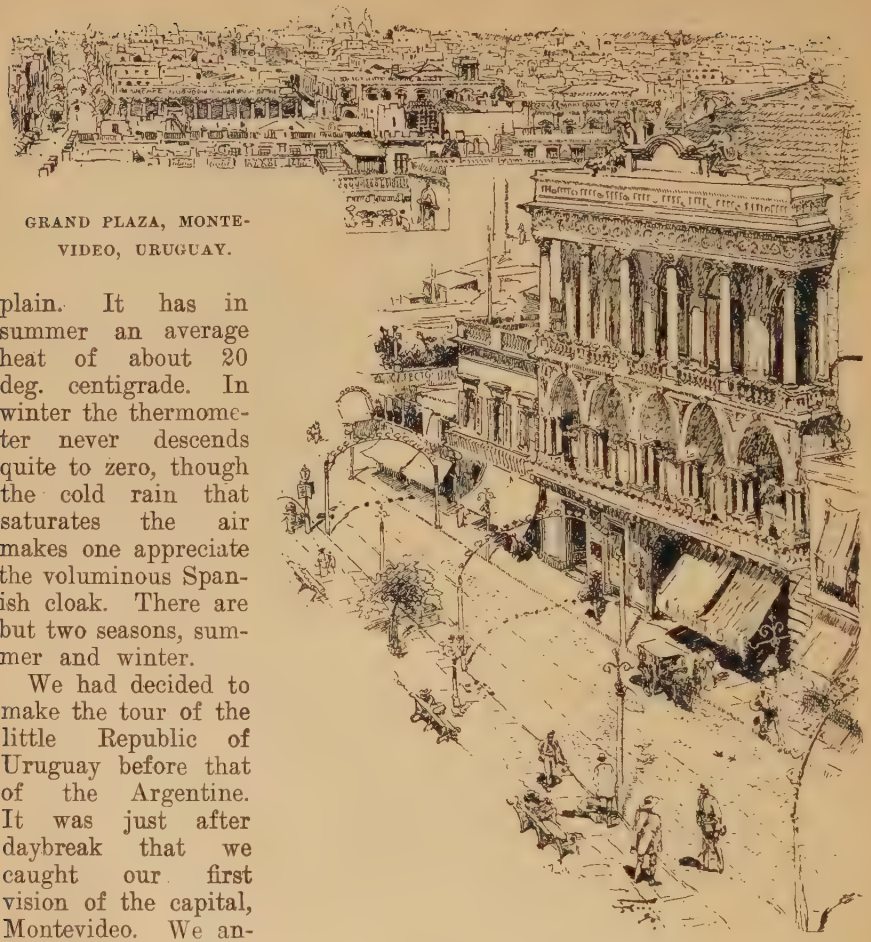
It was in a Toronto boarding-house that we met him—the young Argentine who settled the question. He was a graduate of a university in Buenos Ayres. He, too, had been studying Canadian methods of agriculture that he might go back and instruct the people of his own land. He described to us the great farms, the cattle and sheep ranches of the South American plains.

"I am surprised," he would say, in his soft Spanish voice, "at how little your people know of our country. They know Europe, but they know next to nothing of their sister continent to the south." Climate and other conditions seemed to indicate that our agricultural methods would be likewise practicable in the South Temperate Zone.

MUNICIPAL PALACE, MONTEVIDEO.

I own I did not anticipate our trip with a great deal of pleasure. My knowledge of South America was based mostly on a missionary report. It described an abandoned mission station in the heart of the Amazon forest, the only effort that had been made to reach two million Indians with the Gospel. I looked forward to a world of flat land under a mist of malaria, and peopled with stolid brown faces. Not much inspiration for an artist.

However, as Malcolm had made up his mind, I made no protests. But it took me some time to realize that far to the south of the Brazilian forests lay a great agricultural country, peopled with the most progressive blood of Latin America. Of its climate no man need com-



GRAND PLAZA, MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY.

plain. It has in summer an average heat of about 20 deg. centigrade. In winter the thermometer never descends quite to zero, though the cold rain that saturates the air makes one appreciate the voluminous Spanish cloak. There are but two seasons, summer and winter.

We had decided to make the tour of the little Republic of Uruguay before that of the Argentine. It was just after daybreak that we caught our first vision of the capital, Montevideo. We anchored some two miles from shore, and descended to the decks of the little tugs that awaited us. There lay the city before us as we crossed the bay, white and Oriental-looking on its turtle-back promontory. The towers of the cathedral and the churches shone in the morning sun, and the splendid front of a new hotel and of the vast custom-house depots loomed up as we drew nearer. To the left and forming the western point of the bay rose the Cerro, and on its summit, 137 metres above the level of the sea, the fortress built about a hundred years ago, and now used as a lighthouse and observatory.

A few minutes and we had passed the long line of "changodores," or porters, who waited for our baggage, we had submitted to the usual extortions of the custom-house, we went forth into a city of stucco and bright colours; of long, broad streets running up hill and down hill and straight as arrows; a city of fine shops and well-built houses; of noise and of clattering hoofs; of tram-cars whose drivers continually gave vent to their feelings by plaintive pipings on cow-horns, answering each other in piercing nasal trills; a city everywhere of manifest luxury and wealth.

CANARIOTE IMMIGRANTS IN THE STREET, MONTEVIDEO.

We hastened at once to the Hotel Victoria overlooking the bay and the roadstead. The Rio de la Plata or "Great Silver River," as it has been called, is by no means the ideal river that its fanciful name suggests. In fact the lack of a good port has long been one of the checks on the prosperity of Montevideo. Not only is the bay shallow, but the roadstead is so exposed as to be one of the most dangerous in the world. It is said that after every strong "pampero" you may count wrecks and ships aground in the estuary of the La Plata literally by the score. Business is of course suspended while the pampero is blowing. The cost of the tugs used in loading and unloading makes the landing of goods extremely expensive. In many cases it is equivalent to the freight on the same goods from Havre, Hamburg or Liverpool.

As soon as we had shaken off the marks of travel we went out again to view the city. It is a little larger than our own Toronto. The buildings are two and occasionally three stories. A peculiarity that we

STOCK EXCHANGE, MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY.

noticed among the houses is that they often have their walls extending some distance above the roof, and marble or simile-stone balconies built out where the owner intends to have windows when he shall be able to add a second story to his house. Now and again a water-carrier or a line of Canariote immigrants lent a picturesque touch to the scene.

Everywhere in the streets one hears the cry of the sellers of lottery tickets. Some of them are mere children, others gray-haired men with their "Cincuenta mil pesos para manana. Cincuenta mil la suerte. Tenemos el gordo. Este es el bueno, caballero. Un enterito." (Fifty thousand dollars for to-morrow. Fifty thousand the prize. We've got the big one. This is the right number, sir. A nice complete ticket.) A complete ticket costs $10, but they are sold in fifths at $2. All kinds and conditions of people are seen buying these tickets. There are seven drawings a month. The sale of all the tickets represents $120,000, the amount devoted to prizes $90,000. The balance goes to the Hospital de Caridad, one of the richest in the world.

On every hand we heard the soft accents of the Spanish tongue. It reminded us a little of our days under Castilian skies; only this was Castile in a strange land.

As we were anxious to press on into the country we visited the buildings of note at once. Government House on the Plaza Independence, the University with its upwards of six hundred students and sixty professors, the School of Arts and Trades with over two hundred pupils, the Military College, the Stock Exchange, the Municipal Palace, a wonderful structure of stucco and white paint, the Uruguay Club with its splendid marble facade.

But it is in the evening one sees

Montevideo at its best. The streets are overarched with gas-jets and globes which are used not merely for illuminations on holidays but for ordinary lighting purposes. After sunset the shopkeepers take down their blinds and display their goods as attractively as possible in the windows. The traveller is astounded by the quantity and costliness of the articles of luxury. In some streets the shop windows are mostly filled with jewels and precious stones, fancy articles of adornment, Parisian knick-knacks, and all the expensive trumpery of Vienna, Batignolles, and Yokohama.

There was, too, a fair sprinkling of negresses in immaculate white. And in double rows lining the sidewalks stood young men smoking cigarettes and watching the ladies. The cigarette habit, we were not long in noticing, has many victims in South America. On every hand we heard groups speaking in French, Italian, and English as well as the native Spanish. For the majority of the Latin Americans are of mixed race. They are descended not only from the Latin peoples of Southern Europe, but from the Indian aborigines as well. They are proud of their Indian blood, proud of their

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ON PLAZA INDEPENDENCIA, MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY.

We made our way to the Plaza de la Matriz, the great resort of Montevideo on summer evenings. The heavy traffic of carts had ceased, the tram-cars were fewer and less noisy. A band was playing in the kiosk near the splendid marble fountain. The white facade of the Uruguay Club shone in the lights on the one side and the cathedral on the other. The plaza was dotted with little tables at which were served syrups, ices, and refreshing drinks. And in and out, among the lines of acacia trees that cross the plaza, thronged the beautiful Spanish-American women in tasteful costumes of Paris.

ancient civilization. South America Reclus has pointed out as the place where men containing the greatest number of characteristics of all races can be found, "the most typical average specimens of humanity," he calls them.

Yes, as the young Argentine student had told us, how little we know of the country to the south of us. It is of this land that two little books have lately been written, the one entitled, "South America, the Neglected Continent," the other "South America, the Dark Continent." It is of this same continent, shame be to us, that it has been writ-

ten, "Truly Darkest Africa is better known to-day than darkest South America, our sister continent. I have journeyed three thousand miles through the interior without meeting a single Protestant missionary."

A recent writer in The Epworth Herald says: "In South America the Latin peoples of Southern Europe have the opportunity which the peoples of Northern Europe have secured on our own continent. But Latin America has not prospered as has Teuton America. On the southern continent there has existed, as long as Europeans have been there,

WATER-CARRIER, URUGUAY.

the religion of the Latins. It has had a chance to show what it could do on virgin soil. What it has done and what it has failed to do constitute the chief argument for the presence of Protestant missions in South American countries."

Of the more than five million Indians committed to the care of Romanism, it is said they have taken over all of the vices but few of the virtues of the white man. The monks instead of Christianizing the pagans have only succeeded in paganizing a few Christian ceremonies.

As we stayed longer in South America we saw more and more evidences of the religiosity of its people—their feast days and their fast days—their blind following of an inherited form of Christianity without its spirit. On the street corners one notes such names as Christ, Rosary, the Cross, and Regeneration. Men and women bear such names as Maria, Cross, Celestial, Jesus, Grief, Conception. And as a writer has noted, "A gold mine is named Jesus Crucified."

That night I lay awake thinking of the two Americas, the one with her open Bible, the other with her Bible closed, And in my sleep I dreamed I saw the outline of the two continents upon a world of misty waters. On the shore of the one was landing a monk bearing before him a cross of gray stone, scarcely distinguishable in the mists that surrounded it. On the shore of the other continent I saw the face of John Wesley. He, too, bore a cross before him, but a cross aglow with stars clustering thick about the open Bible in its midst. Alas! it is the cross of stone, not of stars, that Romanism has given Latin America.

Next day we visited the headquarters of our own Methodist mission work, under the charge of Dr. Thomson. We had seen an account of the work in Beach's "Geography and Atlas of Protestant Missions." A group of six churches in different parts of the city and a chain of interior stations give promise of a more wide-spread usefulness in the future. Dr. Thomson we found to be quite prominent in his field through his controversial discourses and lectures. The distribution of Bibles plays a very important part in South American mission work. Many who would not openly attend a Protestant service or send their children to our schools, will buy a copy of the New Testament and ponder it in private. The work is largely confined to the Spanish or Portuguese speaking population.

In Uruguay the Waldensian Church has done a work worthy of

THE CEMETERY, MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY.

note among the immigrants from other lands. In this Republic the problem of Protestantism is that of stimulating the religious life of a population of Southern Europeans nearly a fourth of whom are recent arrivals. The Protestants of Montevideo in 1896 numbered over twelve thousand, with twenty-five thousand "not declared." This class greatly increases Protestant responsibility. Are they to be neglected, standing on the threshold of light ?

Our next visit was to the Hotel de Immigracion, where immigrants receive the favour of board and lodging for the first eight days after their arrival. The Republic of Uruguay advertises special inducements to immigrants, even fixing a sum annually for paying third-class passages for European immigrants and promising them employment. But the promises of the Government are often fallacious. Uruguay has not, like the Argentine Republic, large tracts of unappropriated lands whither to send them. From the applications to the foreign consulates made by deceived immigrants who wish to return to their country, we should judge that they often suffer great disappointment.

Many parts of South America we learned, however, offer a valuable and extensive field for immigration.

SANTA LUCIA, URUGUAY.

Doubtless when the great pathless regions of the interior are opened up they will afford homes for multitudes. There are a number of important factors to consider in South America as a field for immigration. One of these is its large tracts of unappropriated but habitable land. In this respect it is more favoured than North America, having no frozen region. But on the other hand only one-fourth of it lies in the temperate zone, the zone best adapted to the development of the white races. In material resources the continent abounds. The instability of its governments has hitherto proved a jeopardizing factor, but in this line the people are improving.

Before leaving Montevideo we paid a hurried visit to the Cementerio Central, the most expensively arranged cemetery in South America. It is situated on the sea-shore, and has an elaborate chapel and monumental entrance. It is surrounded by high walls with innumerable niches, each with its marble tablet recording the names of those interred within, as shown in our engraving. The large framework is for the purpose of raising the coffins to the upper rows of receptacles. After considerable delay and interviews with the Government (during which I began to realize that Malcolm was a man of affairs and I only an artist), we set out at last on our rural expedition.

In the great cities it is a surprise to see electric tram cars, and all evidences of higher civilization, but in the rural regions we leave all that behind. Even in the remoter towns the heavy lumbering waggon drawn by teams of oxen is very much in evidence.

Almost a third of the population of the Republic, we knew, lived in Montevideo, but we were hardly prepared for the loneliness of the country into which we passed. Hour after hour of undulating prairie, water, wood, and sky, with only an occasional rancho to relieve the monotony. These ranchos remind one a little of the cabins of the Irish peasantry; only they are worse, some of them mere huts of black mud with a roof of maize straw, a floor of beaten earth, a doorway, but sometimes without a window.

Although the people of Uruguay strike one as being refined, amiable and gentle, yet it is amazing to see

the rough simplicity of their lives in the pastoral districts. Even the rich ranchers who measure their land by leagues and leagues live in the most comfortless houses, two and three generations huddled together under one roof. Their work is carried on in an indolent, apathetic manner, and mostly left to nature. The soil, being well-irrigated and fertile, produces every kind of grain or fruit known in temperate or subtropical climates.

The chief industry is of course the raising of live stock, principally cattle. It is said that over a million head of cattle are slaughtered annually in the Republic of Uruguay. These animals are mostly killed at the great saladeros in Montevideo and Fray Bentos. At the latter place over one thousand animals are killed daily during the summer season. It is here the famous Liebig's Extract of Beef is made.

Now and again throughout the rolling prairie one sees a solitary being riding about among the flocks and herds. The familiar wire fence is varied occasionally by fences of aloes and cactus, or perhaps of poplar trees.

And now the night is settling down on the prairies of Uruguay. Far and wide the illimitable vastness overhung with vapours. Round and round in dizzying circles the fire-flies sweep in their mad dance. Overhead the millions of stars. Silence ! Solitude ! And a world that lies waiting for the coming of those who shall bring with them the light of the Cross.

BRING OUT YOUR DEAD.

Bring out your dead ! for the year is cold
With snows that are lapped on field and wold,
Where the babes of summer are long to bed ;
Bring out your dead ! bring out your dead !

You have sat with the corpse in your chamber long ;
You have walked a thousand ghosts among ;
But you now must march with the living instead—
Bring out your dead ! bring out your dead !

You had a grace a year ago,
As white as any that heaven could show,
But a sin has turned it crimson red—
Bring out your dead ! bring out your dead !

A hope was yours in the scent of the spring,
And your heart leapt up on its mounting wing ;
But God said, "No," and the hope is sped—
Bring out your dead ! bring out your dead !

He gave you a talent for your employ,
To serve as a key to the gates of joy,
But it's withered and waste by the life you led—
Bring out your dead ! bring out your dead !

You emptied the dregs of the cup you quaffed
On a Love that looked in your heart and laughed,
And the wine of the world is molten lead—
Bring out your dead ! bring out your dead !

The year is old ! the year is cold !
And the tale of another book is told ;
Ere yet the book by the Judge is read—
Bring out your dead ! bring out your dead !

Bring out your dead and bury them deep,
And turn your face from the place they sleep ;
For there's life and worth and love ahead—
Bring out your dead ! bring out your dead !

—*R. S. G. A., in Westminster.*

A SINGULAR LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

VI.

JANE GRANITE stood at the foot of the steep, uncarpeted stairs. She had a stone-china cup filled with tea in her hand. She had hesitation in her mind, and longing in her heart. When the minister had sent word that he would eat no supper, it was plain that something must be done. Her mother was out, and Jane had no superior intelligence to consult. For Mrs. Granite was appointed to the doom that overtakes the women of a poor and struggling religious movement; she was ex-officio beggar for the new mission; on this especial occasion she was charged with the duty of wringing a portion of the minister's almost invisible salary out of the least unfriendly citizens of the town. The minister had observed her from his window, tugging at her black skirts as she sallied forth, ankle-deep in the slush of the February afternoon; and his brows had darkened at the sight. For the good woman would trudge and soak five miles for—what? Possibly five dollars. How dreary the devices of small people to achieve large ends!

To the young man who had never had to think what anything cost, the cold, pecuniary facts of his position were galling past the power of these simple people to comprehend.

He did not care too much on his own account. He felt more surprise than impatience to see his coat turn shiny and frayed, and to know that he could not get another. He was learning not to mind his straw mattress as much as he did at first; and to educate himself to going without magazines, and to the quality of Mrs. Granite's tea. When a man deliberately elects a great personal sacrifice, he does not concern himself with its details as women are more likely to do.

But there were aspects of his chosen work to which his soul was as sore as a boy's. He could not accustom himself with the ease of a poor man's son to the fact that a superb, supreme faith like the Christianity of Christ must beg for its living. "It degrades!" he thought, looking up from his books. "Lowell was right when he said that no man should preach who hadn't an independent property." His Bible fell from his clenched hand; he picked it up penitently, and tenderly smoothed the crumpled leaf at which it had opened. Half unconsciously, he glanced, and read:

"Take no scrip in your purse;" his burning eyes followed along the page, softened, and grew moist.

"Perhaps on the whole," he said aloud, "He really knew as much about it as any American poet."

He returned patiently to his preparation for the evening service, for he worked hard for these fishermen and drunkards—harder than he had ever worked at anything in his life. To make them one half-hour's talk, he read, he ransacked, he toiled, he thought, he dreamed, he prayed.

The only thing which he had asked leave to take from his uncle's house, was his own library. It piled Mrs. Granite's spare chamber from the old, brown carpet to the low and dingy ceiling. Barricades of books stood on the floor by the ugly little coal-stove; and were piled upon the stained pine table at which he sat to study in a hardwood chair with a turkey-red cushion. Of the pictures, dear to his youth, and to his trained taste, but two had come through with him in the flying leap from Beacon Street to Mrs. Granite's. Over the table in his study a fine engraving watched him. It was Guido's great Saint Michael. Above the straw mattress in the chilly closet where he slept hung a large photograph of Leonardo's Christ—the one from the Last Supper, as it was found in the ruined fresco on the monastery wall.

But Jane Granite stood irresolute upon the bare, steep stairs, with the stone-china teacup in her hand.

The minister had never concentrated his mind on Jane. He was a busy man. She was a modest, quiet girl; she helped her mother "do" his rooms, and never slammed the door when she went out. He felt a certain gratitude to her, for the two women took trouble for him far beyond the

merits of the meagre sum allowed them for his bread and cod-fish. But for the life of him, if he had been required to, he could not have told anybody how Jane Granite looked.

When her timid knock struck the panel of his door, he started impatiently, put down his pen, and patiently bade her enter.

"I thought, perhaps, sir — you would drink your tea!" pleaded Jane. "You haven't eaten a morsel, and mother will mind it when she comes home."

Bayard looked at her in a dazed way; trying to see the connection between forty-cent Japan tea and that beautiful thing said of Whitefield, that he "forgot all else about the men before him, but their immortality and their misery."

"It's getting cold," said Jane, with quivering lip. "I stood on the stairs so long before I could make up my mind to disturb you. Let me get a hot cup now, sir—do!"

"Why, I'll come down!" said Bayard. "I must not make myself as troublesome as this."

He pushed away his books, and followed her to the sitting-room, where, in default of a dining-room, and in vague deference to the antecedents of a guest popularly reported not to be used to eating in the kitchen, the meals of the family were served.

"Maybe you'd eat the fish-hash—a mouthful, sir?" asked Jane, brightening up, "and there's the stewed prunes."

Bayard looked at her, as she ran to and fro, flushed and happy at her little victory over his supperless intentions. Jane was a trig, neat body; small, as the coast girls often are—I wonder why? Her mother had told the minister that Jane was keeping company—that is the Windover phrase—with some one; the details had escaped his memory.

He looked at her now, for the first time attentively, as she served his tea. She flitted to and fro lightly. She sang in the kitchen when she saw him smile. When he said, "Thank you, Jane! You have given me a delicious supper," a charming expression crossed her face. He observed it abstractedly, and thought: How kind these good people are to me! The paper shades were up, and Jane wished to draw them when she lighted the kerosene lamp; but Bayard liked to watch the sea, as he often did at twilight. The harbour was full, for the weather was coming on wild. Clouds marshalled and broke, and retreated, and formed upon a stormy sky. The lights of anchored fleets tossed up and down in the violet-gray shadow. The breakers growled upon the opposite shore. The best thing about his lodging was its near and almost unobstructed view of the sea, which dashed against a slip of a beach between the wharves of Windover Point, within a thousand feet of Mrs. Granite's cottage.

As he sat, sipping his green tea, and making believe with his hash, to save the feelings of the girl, watching the harbour steadily and quietly the while, and saying nothing—he was startled by the apparition of a man's face, pressed stealthily against the window-pane, and disappearing as quickly as it came. Bayard had been sitting between the window and the light. Jane was dishing out his prunes from a vegetable dish into a blue willow saucer and had seen nothing. Wishing not to alarm the girl, he went to the window quietly and looked out. As he did so, he perceived that the intruder had his hand on the knob of the front door. Bayard sprang, and the two met in the cottage entry.

"What are you doing here?" began Bayard, barring the way.

"I guess I'd better ask what are you a-doin' here," replied the other, crowding by the minister with one push of an athletic shoulder. "I'm on my own ground. I ain't so sure of you."

Little Jane uttered a cry, and the athletic young man strode forward, and somewhat ostentatiously put his arm about her waist.

"Ah, I see!" smiled the minister. "It is strange that we have not met before. We must often have been in the house at the same time. I am a little absent-minded. Perhaps it is my fault. A hundred pardons, Mr. ——?"

"Trawl." Ben Trawl was the name. Ben Trawl was not cordial. Perhaps that would be asking too much of the lover who had been mistaken for a burglar by another man; and the young minister was already quite accustomed to the varying expressions with which a provincial town receives the leader of an unpopular cause. He recognized Ben Trawl now;—the young man who had the straight eyebrows, and who did not drink, who had been one of the crowd at the fight in Angel Alley on the ordination day which never had ordained.

The pastor found the situation embarrassing, and was glad when Mrs.

Granite came in, soaked through, and tired, with drabbled skirts.

She had collected six dollars and thirty-seven cents.

Bayard ground his teeth and escaped to his study as soon as he could. There they heard him, pacing up and down hotly, till seven o'clock. Bayard had arranged one of those piteous attempts to "amuse the people," into which so much wealth of heart and brain is flung, with such atmospheric results. His notion of religious teachings did not end with the Bible, though it began there. The lecture of that evening ("Sydney Carton," he called it) was a venture upon which Bayard had expended a good deal of thought and vitality.

Poor, wet Mrs. Granite waded out again, without a murmur, to hear it, she walked beside the minister, alone; it was a long walk, for the new people met in the well-known hall near the head of Angel Alley.

"Ben Trawl's kinder off his hook," she explained apologetically. "He wouldn't come along of us, nor he wouldn't let Jane come, neither. He has them spells."

Jane Granite watched them off with aching heart. As he closed the door, the minister smiled and lifted his hat to her. Where was there a smile like his in all the world of men?

Little Jane Granite looked after him till he was drowned in the dark. She came in and stood at the window, busying herself to draw the shade. But Ben Trawl watched her with half-closed eyes, and when bright, wide eyes turn dull and narrow, beware of them!

"Come here!" said Ben, in the voice of a man who had "kept company" with a girl for three years. In Windover, the respectable young people do not flirt or intrigue; breach of troth is almost unknown among them. To walk with a girl on Sunday afternoon, and to kiss her Sunday evening is to marry her, as a matter of course. Ben Trawl spoke in the imperious tone of the seafaring people who call a wife "my woman," and who lie on the lounge in the kitchen while she brings the water from the well.

"You come here, Jane, and sit on the sofy along-side of me! I've got a word or so to say to you."

Jane Granite came. She was frightened. She sat down beside her lover, and timidly surrendered the work-worn little hand, which he seized and crushed with cruel violence within his own.

"Mr. Granite wasn't never wholly satisfied about Ben," Mrs. Granite was saying to the minister as they splashed through the muddy slush. "His father 's Trawl the liquor-dealer, down to Angel Alley, opposite our place, a little below. But Jane says Ben don't touch it; and he don't. I don't know's I've any call to come between her and Ben. He's a stiddy fellow, and able to support her,—and he's that fond of Jane"—

"He seems to be," said Bayard musingly. His thoughts were not with Mrs. Granite. He hardly knew what she had said.

"The wind is east," he said abstractedly, "and there's a very heavy sea on."

He had not been a month in the fishing-town before he noticed that the women all spoke of their natural foe as "the terrible sea."

The hall which the new people had leased for their services and entertainments had long borne the grim name of Seraph's Rest; having been, in fact, for years, a sailors' dance-hall of the darkest dye.

"Give us," Bayard had said, "the worst spot in the worst street of this town. We will make it the best, or we will own ourselves defeated in our work."

In such streets, and in such places, news has wings. There is no spot in Windover where rumour is run down so soon as in Angel Alley.

Bayard had talked perhaps half an hour, when he perceived by the restlessness in his crowded and attentive audience that something had happened.

Then, with the perfect ease which he always sought to cultivate in that place between speaker and hearer, "What is the matter?" he asked in a conversational tone.

"Sir," said an old captain, rising, "there's a vessel gone ashore off Ragged Rock."

Bayard swept his book and manuscript off the desk.

"I was about to read to you," he said, "of how a poor fellow with a wretched life behind him died a noble death. Perhaps we can do something as grand as he did. Anyhow, we'll try. Come, boys!"

He thrust himself into his coat, and sprang down among the audience.

"Come on! You know the way better than I do! If there's anything

to do, we'll do it. Lead on, boys! I'm with you!"

The audience poured into Angel Alley, with the minister in their midst. Confusion ran riot outside. The inmates of all the dens on the street were out. Unnoticed, they jostled decent citizens who had flocked as near as possible to the news-bearer. Panting and white, a hatless messenger from the lighthouse, who had run all the way at the keeper's order to break the black word to the town, reiterated all he knew: "It's the 'Clara Em'! She weighed this afternoon under full canvas—and she's struck with fourteen men abroad! I knew I couldn't raise nobody at the old Life-Saving Station"—

"It's t'other side the Point, anyhow!" cried a voice from the crowd.

"It's four miles away!" yelled another.

"Good heavens, man!" cried Bayard. "You don't propose to wait for them?"

"I don't see's there's anything we can do," observed the old captain deliberately. "The harbour's chockfull. If anybody could do anything for 'em, some o' them coasters—but ye see there can't no boat live off Ragged Rock in a breeze o' wind like this."

"How far off is this wreck?" demanded Bayard. "Can't we get up some carts and boats and ropes—and ride over there?"

"It's a matter of three mile an' a half," replied the mate of a collier, "and it's comin' on thick. But I hev known cases where a cart—Now there's them Italians with their banana carts."

"You won't get no fog with this here breeze," contended a very ancient skipper.

"What'll you bet?" said the mate of the collier.

An Italian with a fruit cart was pushed forward by the crowd; an express was impressed; ropes, lanterns, and a dory appeared from no one knew where, at the command of no one knew who. Bayard suggested blankets and dry clothes. The proposal seemed to cause surprise, but these supplies were volunteered from somewhere.

"Pile in, boys!" cried the minister, in a ringing voice. He sprang into one of the carts, and it filled in a moment. One of the horses became frightened at the hubbub and reared. Men swore and women shrieked. In the momentary delay, a hand reached over the wheel, and plucked at Bayard's sleeve. He flashed the lantern in his hand, and saw a woman's strained, set face. It was Job Slip's wife, Mari, with the little boy crying at her skirts.

"Sir," she said hoarsely, "if it's the 'Clara Em,' he's aboard of her—for they shipped him at five o'clock, though they see the storm a-comin'—and him as drunk as death. But it's true—he got it at Trawl's—I see 'em lift him acrost the wharf an' sling him over int' the dory."

"I'll do my best," said Bayard with set teeth. He reached over the wheel as the horses started, plunging, and wrung the hand of the drunkard's wife. He could not trust himself to say more. Such a vision of what life meant to such a woman swept through Angel Alley upon the wings of the gale, that he felt like a man whose eyes have beheld a panorama on a stage in hell.

Many people, as the carts rolled through the town, followed on foot, among them a few women whose husbands, or lovers, or brothers were known to be aboard the 'Clara Em.'

"Here's an old woman with a boy aboard! Seems you might find room in one of them waggons for her!" cried a young voice. It was the girl known to Windover only by the name of Lena.

"She's right about that. We must manage somehow!" called Bayard. Strong hands leaned out and swept the old woman up over the wheel, and the horses galloped on.

There was neither rain nor snow: but the storm, in the seaman's sense of the word, was approaching its height. The wind had now become a gale, and blew south-east. The sky was ominously black. To Bayard's sensitive and excited imagination, as he looked out from the reeling waggon, the mouth of the harbour seemed to gape and grin; the lights of the fleet, furled and anchored for dear life lost their customary pleasant look and snapped and shone like teeth in the throat of a monster.

Walls of darkness rose ahead, and at its outermost, uttermost margin roared the sea. It seemed to Bayard as if the rescuing party were plunging into eternal mystery.

The old woman whose son was aboard the 'Clara Em' crouched at the minister's feet. Both sat in the dory, which filled the waggon, and which was

packed with passengers. The old woman's bare hands were clenched together, and her lips shut like iron hinges. Bayard wondered at her massive silence. It was something primeval, solemn, outside of his experience. The woman of the shore, in stress like hers, would weep, would sob, or shriek. But to the women of the sea this anguish was as old as life itself: to it they were born, and of it they were doomed to die; they bore it as they did the climate of the freezing Cape.

"That there Saving Service couldn't ha' done nothin' agin' a wreck on Ragged Rock if they wanted to," observed the old captain (they called him Captain Hap), peering from the waggon towards the harbour shore. "It's jest 's I told ye; they're too fur—five miles across."

"But why is there no station nearer?" demanded Bayard with the warmth of inexperience. "Why is nothing put over here—if this reef is so bad—where it is needed?"

"Waal," said Captain Hap, with deliberation, "that's a nateral question for a land-lubber. Every seaman knows there ain't no need of gettin' wrecked on that there reef. It's as plain as the beard on your face. Windover Light to the west'ard, Twin Lights to the east'ard,—a fog bell, and a bell-buoy, and a whistlin'-buoy—why, everybody knows how to keep off Ragged Rock!"

"Then how did this vessel happen to strike?" persisted Bayard. The men interchanged glances, and no one answered him.

"Hi there! Look, look! I see her! I see her spars!" yelled a young fellow on the front seat of the waggon. "It's her! It's the 'Clara Em'! . . . What was they thinkin' of? She's got on full canvas! See her! see her! see her! See her lights! It's her, and she's bumpin' on the reef!"

Cries of horror ran from lip to lip. The driver lashed his horses onward, and the men in the waggons flung their lanterns to and fro in uncontrollable excitement. Some leaped over the wheels and ran shouting against the gale.

"'Clara Em,' ahoy! 'Clara Em,' aho—oy—oy!"

But the old woman at Bayard's feet sat still. Her lips only moved. She stared straight ahead.

"Is she praying or freezing? Perhaps she's out of her mind," thought Bayard.

He gently pulled her blanket-shawl closer over her bare head, and wrapped it around her before he sprang from the waggon.

VII.

There was but little depth of snow upon the downs and cliffs, but such as remained served to reflect and to magnify all possible sources of light. These were few enough and sorely needed. The Windover Light, a revolving lantern of the second power, is red and strong. It flashed rapidly, now blood-red, and now lamp-black. Bayard thought of the pillar of fire and cloud that led the ancient people. There should have been by rights a moon; and breaks in battalions of clouds, at rare intervals, let through a shimmer paler than darkness, though darker than light. Such a reduction of the black tone of the night had mercifully befallen, when the staggering waggons clattered and stopped upon the large oval pebbles of the beach.

The fog, which is shy of a gale, especially at that season of the year, had not yet come in, and the vessel could be clearly seen. She lay upon the reef, broadside to the breakers; she did not pitch, but, to a nautical eye, her air of repose was the bad thing about her. She was plainly held fast. Her red port light, still burning, showed as each wave went down, and the gray outlines of her rigging could be discerned. Her foremast had broken off about five feet from the deck, and the spar, held by the rigging, was ramming the sides of the vessel.

The astonishing rumour was literally true. The "Clara Em"—one of the famous fishermen of which Windover was too proud to be vain; the "Clara Em," newly-built and nobly furnished, none of your old-time schooners, clumsy of hulk and rotten of timbers, but the fastest runner on the coast, the staunchest keel that cleft the harbour, fine in her lines as a yacht, and firm in her beams as an ocean steamer—the "Clara Em," fearing neither gods nor men nor weather, and bound for Georges' on a three weeks' fresh-fishing trip, had deliberately weighed anchor in the teeth of a March south-easter, and had flung all her clean, green-white sails to the gale. As

nearly as could be made out from the shore, she had every stitch up, and not a reef to her face, and she lay over against the rock like a great eagle whose wings were broken. Even a landsman could comprehend the nature of this dare-devil act; and Bayard, running to lend a hand to slide the dory from the waggon, uttered an exclamation of indignant horror.

"How did this happen? Were they mad?"

"Full," replied the old captain laconically.

"Yes, I see she's under full sail. But why?" he persisted innocently.

The old captain, with a curious expression, flashed a lantern in the young minister's face, but made no reply.

Cries could now be heard from the vessel; for the wind, being dead off, bore sounds from sea to shore which could by no means travel from shore to sea. Ragged Rock was a rough spot in the kindest weather; and in that gale, and with the wind in that direction, the roar and power of the surf were great. But it should be remembered that the blow had not been of long duration; hence the sea was not what it would be in a few hours if the gale should hold. In this fact lay the only possible chance of extending rescue in any form to the shipwrecked crew.

"'Clara Em'! Aho—oy—oy!" yelled a dozen voices. But the united throats of all Windover could not have made themselves articulate to the straining ears upon the schooner.

"Where's yer crew? Show up, there! Can't ye do nothin' for yerselves? Where's yer dories? Hey? What? 'Clara Em'! Aho—oy—oy!"

"They're deef as the two years' drownded," said the old captain. "An' they ain't two hundred feet from shore."

"Why, then, surely we can save them!" cried Bayard joyfully. But no man assented to the cheerful words.

The dory, a strong specimen of its kind, was now out of the waggon, and a score of arms dragged it over the pebbles. The surf dashed far up the beach, splashing men, boat, waggon, horses. Against the cliff the spray rose a hundred feet, hissing, into the air. The old captain eyed the sea and measured the incoming rollers with his deep-set eye.

"Ye cayn't do it," he pronounced. "There ain't a dory in Windover can live in that"—he pointed his gaunt arm at the breakers.

"Anyhow, we'll try!" rang out a strong voice. Cries from the wreck arose again. Some of the younger men pushed the dory off. Bayard sprang to join them.

"I can row!" he cried with boyish eagerness; "I was stroke at Harvard!"

"This ain't Charles River," replied one of the men; "better stand back, parson."

They kindly withstood him, and leaped in without him, four of them, seamen born and bred. They ran the dory out into the surf. He held his lantern high to light them. In their wet oil-skins their rough, wild outlines looked like divers, or like myths of the deep. They leaped in and seized the oars with one of the wild cries of the sailor who goes to his duty, his dinner, or his death, by the rhythm of a song or the thrill of a shout. The dory rose on a tremendous comber, trembled, turned, whirled, and sank from sight. Then came yells, and a crash.

"There!" howled Captain Hap, stamping his foot, 'I told ye so!"

"She's over!"

"She's busted!"

"She's smashed to kindlin' wood!"

"Here they be! Here they come! Haul 'em in!"

The others ran out into the surf and helped the brave fellows, soaked, and discomfited, up the beach. They were badly bruised, and one of them was bleeding.

The pedestrians from the town had now come up; groups of men, and the few women; and a useless crowd stood staring at the vessel. A big third wave rolled over and smashed the port light.

"It's been going on all these ages," thought Bayard,—"the helpless shore against the almighty sea."

"Only two hundred feet away!" he cried; "I can't see why something can't be done! I say, something shall! Where are your ropes? Where are your wits? Where is all your education to this kind of thing? Are you going to let them drown before your eyes?"

"There ain't no need of goin' so far's that," said the old captain with the aggravating serenity of his class. "If she holds till it ebbs they can clamber ashore every man-jack of 'em. Ragged Rock ain't an island except at flood.

It's a long, pinted tongue o' rock runnin' along,—so. You don't onderstand it, parson. Why, they could eeny most walk ashore, come mornin', if she holds."

"It's a good pull from now till sun-up," objected a fisherman. "And it's the question if she don't break up."

"Anyhow, I'm going to try," insisted Bayard. A rope ran out through his hands,—shot high into the air,—fell into the wind, and dropped into the breakers. It had carried about ten feet. For the gale had taken the stout cable between its teeth, and tossed it as a dog does a skein of silk, played with it, shook it to and fro, and hurled it away. The black lips of the clouds closing over the moon, seemed to open and grin as the old captain said:

"You ken keep on tryin' long's you hev the inclination. Mabbe the women-folks will feel better for 't; but you cay—n't do it."

"Can't get a rope to a boat two hundred feet away?" demanded Bayard.

"Not without apparatus,—no, sir! Not in a blow like this here." The old seaman raised his voice to a bellow to make himself audible twelve feet away. "Why, it's reelly quite a breeze o' wind," he said.

"Then what can we do?" persisted Bayard, facing the beach in great agitation. "What are we here for, anyhow?"

"We ken watch for 'em to come ashore," replied the captain grimly.

Turning, in a ferment half of anger, half of horror, to the younger men, Bayard saw that some one was trying to start a bonfire. Drift-wood had been collected from dry spots in the rocks—or had a bucket of coal-tar been brought by some thoughtful hand? And in a little cave at the foot of the cliff, a woman, upon her knees in the shallow snow, was sheltering a tiny blaze within her two hands. It was the girl Lena. She wore a woollen cap, of the fashion called a Tam o' Shanter, and a coarse fur shoulder cape. Her rude face showed suddenly in the flaming light. It was full of anxious kindliness. He heard her say:

"It'll hearten 'em anyhow. It'll show 'em they ain't deserted of God and men-folks too."

"Where's my old lady?" added the girl, looking about. "I want to get her up to this fire. She's freezing somewheres."

"Look alive, Lena! Here she is!" called one of the fishermen. He pointed to the cliff that hung over Ragged Rock. The old woman stood on the summit and on the edge. How she had climbed there, heaven knew; no one had seen or aided her; she stood, bent and rigid, with her blanket shawl about her head. Her gray hair blew back from her forehead in two lean locks. Black against the darkness, stone carved out from stone, immovable, dumb, a statue of the storm, she stared out straight before her. She seemed a spirit of the wind and wet, a solemn figure-head, an anathema, or a prayer; symbol of a thousand watchers frozen on a thousand shores:—woman as the sea has made her.

The girl had clambered up the cliff like a cat, and could be seen putting her arms around the old woman, and pleading with her. Lena did indeed succeed so far as to persuade her down to the fire, where she chafed the poor old creature's hands, and held to her shrunken lips a bottle of Jamaica ginger that some fisherman's wife had brought. But the old woman refused.

"Keep it for Johnny," she said, "till he gets ashore." It was the only thing she had been heard to say that night.

She pushed the ginger away, and crawled back to her solitary station on the cliff. Some one said:

"Let her be! Let her be!"

And some one else said:

"Whar's the use?"

At that a moment a voice arose:

"There's the cap'n! There's Joe Salt, cap'n of the 'Clara Em'! He's acrosst the bowsprit signalin'! He's tryin' to communicate!"

"We haven't seen another living figure moving across that vessel," said Bayard, whose inexperience was as much perplexed as his humanity was distressed and thwarted by the situation. "I see one man—on the bows—yes. But where are the rest? You don't suppose they're washed overboard already?—Oh, this is horrible!" he cried.

He was overwhelmed at the comparative, almost indifferent calmness of his fellow-townsmen.

The light-keeper and the old captain had run out upon the reef. They held both hands to their ears. The shouts from the vessel continued. Every man held his breath. The whirling blast, like the cone of a mighty phonograph, bore a faint articulation from the wreck.

"Oh!" cried the young minister. "He says they're all sunk!"

He was shocked to hear a laugh

issue from the lips of Captain Hap, and to see, in the light of the fire, something like a smile upon the keeper's face.

"You don't understand, sir," said one of the fishermen respectfully. "He says they're all—"

"May as well out with it, Bob," said another. "The parson's got to get his initiation someways. Cap'n Salt says they're drunk, sir. The crew of the 'Clara Em' is all drunk."

At this moment a terrible shriek rang above the roar of the storm. It came from the old woman on the top of the cliff.

Her eyes had been the first, but they were not the only ones now, to perceive the signs of arousing life upon the wreck.

A second man was seen to climb across the bows, to pause for an instant, and then to plunge. He went out of sight in a moment. The in-rolling surf glittered in the blaze of the bonfires like a cataract of flame. The swimmer reappeared, struggled, threw up his arms and disappeared.

"I have stood this as long as I can," said Bayard, in a low, firm voice. "Give me a rope! Tie it around me, some of you, and hold on! I'm going to try and save that man."

"I'll go, myself," said one of the fishermen slowly.

"Bob," replied the minister, "how many children have you?"

"Eleven, sir."

"Stay where you are, then," said Bayard. "Such things are for lonely men."

"Bring the rope!" he commanded. "Tie it yourselves—you know how—in one of your sailor's knots; something that will hold. I'm a good swimmer. I saved a man once on a yachting trip. Quick, there! Faster!"

"There's another!" cried the light-keeper. "There's a second feller jumped overboard—swimming for his life! Look, look, look! He's sunk—no, he ain't, he ain't! He's bearing down against the rocks—Look at him! Look, look, look!"

Busy hands were at the ropes about the minister's waist; they worked slowly, from sheer reluctance to do the deed. Bayard stamped the beach with divine impatience. His head whirled with such exaltation that he scarcely knew who touched him; he made out to perceive that Ben Trawl was one of the men who offered to tie the bowline; he heard the old captain say, shortly:

"I'll do it myself!"

He thought he heard little Jane Granite cry out; and that she begged him not to go, "for his people's sake," and that Ben Trawl roughly silenced her.

. . . . . .

So! This is the "terrible sea!" This is what drowning means; this mortal chill, this crashing weight upon the lungs, the heart, this fighting for a man's breath,—this asphyxia—this conflict with wind and water, night, and might—this being hurled out into chaos, gaining a foot, and losing three—this sight of something human yonder hurtling towards you on the billow which bears you back from it—this struggling on again, and sweeping back, and battling out!

Blessing on the "gentleman's muscle," trained in college days to do a man's work! Thanks to the waters of old Charles River and of merry Newport for their unforgotten lessons! Thank God for that wasted liberal education,—yes, and liberal recreation,—if it teach the arm, and fire the nerve, and educate the soul to save a drunken sailor now.

But save? Can human power save that sodden creature—only wit enough left in him to keep afloat and drift, dashing inward on the rocks? He swirls like a chip. But his cry is the mortal cry of flesh and blood.

Bayard's strangling lips move:

"Now Almighty Father, Maker of heaven and earth"—

There were mad shouts upon the beach. A score of iron hands held to the line; and fifty men said to their souls: "That is a hero's deed." Some one flung the rest of the pailful of tar upon the fire, and it blazed up. The swimmer saw the yellow colour touch the comber that broke above his head. The rope tightened like the hand of death upon his chest. Caught, perhaps? Ah, there! It has grazed the reef, and the teeth of the rock are gnawing at it; so a mastiff gnaws at the tether of his chained foe, to have the fight out unimpeded.

"If it cuts through, I am gone," thought Bayard.—"And Jesus Christ Thy Son, our Lord and Saviour"—

"Haul in! Haul in, I say! Quick! Haul 'em in for life's sake, boys!—

She tautens to the weight of two. The parson's got him ! "

The old captain jumped up and down on the pebbles like a boy. Wet and glittering, through hands of steel, the line sped in.

" Does she hold ? Is she cut ? Haul in, haul in, haul in !"

The men broke into one of their sudden, natural choruses, moving rhythmically to the measure of their song :

" Pull for the shore, sailor,
Pull for the shore ! "

As he felt his feet touch bottom, Bayard's strength gave away. Men ran out as far as they could stand in the undertow, and seized and held and dragged—some the rescuer, some the rescued ; and so they all came dripping up the beach.

The rope dropped upon the pebbles —cut to a single strand.

Bayard was with difficulty persuaded to release his rigid clutch from the shoulder of the fisherman, who fell in a shapeless mass at his preserver's feet. The light of the tar fire flared on the man's bloated face. It was Job Slip.

" Where's the other ?" asked Bayard faintly. " There were two."

He dimly saw through streams of water, that something else had happened ; that men were running over the rocks and collecting in a cleft, and stooping down to look, and that most of them turned away as soon as they had looked.

The old woman's was the only quiet figure of them all. She had not left her place upon the cliff, but stood bent and stiff, staring straight ahead. He thought he heard a girl's voice say :

" Hush ! Don't talk so loud. She doesn't know—it's Johnny ; and he's been battered to jelly on the rocks."

. . . . . .

" Mr. Bayard, sir," said Job, who had crawled up and got as far as his knees, " I wasn't wuth it."

" That's so," said a candid bystander with an oath.

" Then be worth it !" said Bayard in a loud voice. He seemed to have thrown all that remained to him of soul and body into those four words ; as he spoke them, he lifted his dripping arms high above his head, as if he appealed from the drunkard to the sky ; then he sank.

The gentlest hands in the crowd caught him, and the kindest hearts on the coast throbbed when the old captain called :

" Boys ! Stand back ! Stir up the fire ! Where's the dry blankets ? There's plenty to 'tend to Johnny. Dead folks can bury their dead folks. Hurry up them dry clo'es an' that there Jamaiky ginger ! This here's a livin' man. Just a drop, sir—here. I'll hold ye kinder easy. Can't ? What ?—Sho ! . . . Boys, the parson's hurt."

At that moment a sound solemn and sinister reverberated from the tower of the lighthouse. The iron lips of the fog-bell opened and spoke.

(To be continued.)

DAWN.

Eternal praise is swelling : through the starlit space
Of silence throbbing.
A New Year dawns, and bright is all her face
With Infinite promise. Sorrow and sobbing
To golden hopes give place.

And all the heart seems breaking, in attempts to sing
One heavenly strain
Of full, glad praise. The captive spirit's wing
Is born of harmony. Songs set free again
Will make the heavens ring.

The soul is overflowing in a voiceless song ;
But only God hears.
He knows the burning thoughts, which upward rise
In passionate music. Only to His ears
Such melodies belong.

While Peace, with shining meshes, binds the spheres of gold
To heaven,—and Love
To weary Nature sings the message old
Of tenderest yearning, softly :—far above
The new morn doth unfold.

—*F. K.*

THE REVISION OF OUR RITUAL.

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D., F.R.S.C.,
Chancellor of Victoria University.

T the General Conference of 1902 a committee was appointed for the Revision of our Ritual. The work of such a committee is far more important than appears on the surface. The Ritual, or other Directory of Public Worship, has in every age been a most potent instrument in forming the religious ideas of the people, and, along with the Catechism and the Articles or other Creed forms of the Church has been accepted as an authoritative expression of the Church's doctrinal teaching.

The earliest rituals grew out of the weekly rehearsal of portions of Scripture, "forms of sound words," and fundamental truth, in the acts of public worship. It does not appear that this was done in the first place by the repetition of identical forms of words, or the use of written prayers. But that a general order of worship was maintained, and that in the sacramental and other special parts of worship the repetition of certain Scriptures was always an essential part, is quite certain. Probably in the fourth century or earlier these forms were already beginning to crystallize into an established ritual.

To one of these rituals, for there were a number of them, the name of St. James was attached; to another that of St. Basil; to another that of Chrysostom; and to that in use at Rome, the name of St. Peter. All the rituals were, however, subject to a continuous process of alteration, sometimes accidental, at other times the result of the change in relations of various branches of the Church. As the Churches in the East came under the influence of the Patriarch of Constantinople, their liturgies were either replaced or modified by the influence of that in use in the Patriarchal See, and the same was true of Rome in the West.

Our Protestant liturgies all date from the time of the Reformation, but were all materially influenced by, if not founded on, the pre-existing forms of worship; the changes being more or less extensive, according to the genius of the people concerned. In all the countries of Western Europe the Roman ritual prevailed, though not as an absolutely fixed form. In the three kingdoms of Britain, there were variations, and in England itself, the Uses of Sarum, York, and Hereford, had each their peculiarities. The same was true of France and Germany.

In studying the forms of worship of the Protestant Churches of the English-speaking world, two products of the Reformation period are of special importance, the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, and the Book of Common Order, prepared by John Knox and others, for the Church of Scotland. This last was followed by "The Directory of Public Worship" of the Westminster Assembly. It may be said, in a general way, that one or other of these, or a combination of the two, has given form to the public worship of all English-speaking Protestantism. The Book of Common Prayer is the fountain from which our Methodist Ritual was drawn; while the Scottish Book of Order, as recast in the Westminster Directory, has largely moulded our ordinary Sabbath services. The latter is also true of all Churches of the Congregational order.

The Book of Common Prayer, first compiled under Edward VI., and issued in 1549, was revised in 1552. After the accession of Elizabeth it might almost be said that the Prayer Book was reconstructed, as issued in 1559, and finally, on the restoration of Charles II., another revision took place, which became authoritative under the Act of Uniformity of 1662. There was also a revision under King James, of less importance.

The Prayer Book of 1662 is the Prayer Book in use at present. The materials of this Book of Common Prayer are in large part drawn from the older rituals, or the best devotional works of the fathers. With these were intermingled many beautiful prayers, composed by the English

Reformers themselves, or their brethren on the Continent. The principle which governed the preparation of the English Prayer Book was a conservative one. Only that was eliminated which was clearly contrary to the doctrinal position of the English Reformation. Even this was accomplished by successive revisions, and in 1689 an effort was made for further revision to make it acceptable to the great body of the Nonconformists, who twenty-seven years before had been separated from the Church. The effort failed, and the work of the commission has only recently been given to the world in printed form.

For the revision of this ritual there was thus abundant precedent in the history of the Church of England since the Reformation, and more than a suggestion of necessity. It is, therefore, not surprising that when John Wesley organized American Methodism under an episcopal form of government, he subjected the English Prayer Book to a somewhat thorough revision, as well as abridgment, before submitting it for the use of the young Church. It met, however, even in its revised form with a very partial acceptance. The people had become accustomed to the simple Presbyterian order of worship, adopted by the early Methodist itinerants, and from this they never departed. On the other hand, they had been accustomed from the beginning to the celebration of the Sacraments according to the English ritual, and to these were now added the ordination forms for deacons, elders and bishops. For all these purposes the forms as revised by John Wesley were subjected to still further revision in 1792, separated from the rest of John Wesley's "Sunday Service," and inserted in the book of Discipline. In this form they continued without essential alteration down to 1864, and thus passed into Canadian Methodism in 1824 and 1828.

When after the death of John Wesley the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper began to be administered in the Wesleyan Societies, and permission was given by circular letter of Conference to that effect, August 4th, 1793, it was directed that it should be "in the evening only, and according to the form of the Church of England." This seems to have been the subsequent custom of English Wesleyan Methodism, and although Wesley's "Sunday Service" was published by the Book Room in London, in 1839, it does not seem to have come into general use even for sacramental services. The Book of Common Prayer continued to be used, not only in the sacramental services throughout the Connexion, but also in those chapels in which a liturgical service was held every Sabbath.

The Book of Common Order of the Church of Scotland had its origin in a work prepared by John Knox and others in 1554, for the use of the English congregation at Frankfort, Germany. At that date the present Prayer Book of the Church of England was not yet in existence, the Roman ritual having been restored by Mary, and the only English Protestant prayer-books were those prepared under Edward VI.

The Service Book prepared by Knox and his associates was published at Geneva, and used by the congregation of English exiles there, and is sometimes known as the Book of Geneva, and also as Knox's Liturgy. It was a little later introduced into Scotland, and there enlarged and revised, and authoritatively accepted in 1564 as the form of service to be used in the Church of Scotland. It contained not only a general order of worship and sacramental services, such as is given in the Westminster Directory, but also forms and topics of prayer, not as compulsory forms, but as suggestions or examples; and it was the authorized Directory of Worship down to 1645.

During this period there was no strong objection to a liturgy, or something approaching thereto, in the Church of Scotland. The great Puritan movement, combined with the reaction against the effort to introduce Prelacy and the Church of England Prayer Book into Scotland, carried matters to the other extreme in the seventeenth century, and the Westminster Directory, with its absence of even the semblance of liturgical form, was universally accepted in Scotland, as well as in all English-speaking Churches of the Nonconformist type throughout the world, and gave form to their public worship for more than two hundred years.

All modern movements regarding ritual may be traced directly or indirectly to the revival of ritualism in the Church of England, which followed in the wake of the great Tractarian Movement beginning at Oxford about 1830. Before 1860 this movement had attracted universal attention, and

awakened no little opposition and alarm. Its strength lay in its appeal to the idea of seemliness and beauty in divine worship. Its danger lay in the doctrines which were represented in its ancient forms. Each of these aspects had its lessons, not only for the Evangelicals of the Church of England, but also for the Evangelical Churches generally. As early as 1867 a Commission on Ritual was appointed and various efforts were made within the Church of England itself to revise its forms or prevent the extension of the ritualistic movement. Associations were organized for that purpose, as also others for the promotion of the High Church views.

More important to us were the movements outside of the Church of England. Methodism, as we have seen, both in England and America, had from the beginning used either the whole or portions of the Church of England liturgy. The American Methodists had adopted Wesley's revision, and had still further made changes of their own. By the General Conference of 1864 a still more extensive revision was accomplished.

The dogmatic interest of some of the changes then made will appear from a single example taken from the exhortation at the beginning of the baptismal service. After exchanging the words, "none can enter the Kingdom of God, except he be regenerate and born anew of water and of the Holy Ghost," for the exact quotation from the Gospel, it replaces the next sentence, reading thus, "I beseech you to call upon God the Father that of his bounteous mercy He will grant to this child that thing which by nature he cannot have; that he may be baptized with water and the Holy Ghost, and received into Christ's holy Church and be made a lively member of the same"; by the following, "That having of His bounteous mercy redeemed this child by the blood of His Son, He will grant that he being baptized with the Holy Ghost be received into Christ's holy Church and become a lively member of the same."

Here we have, both by insertion and omission, a most definite dogmatic change. The original asks for the child, "that thing which by nature he cannot have," and proceeds to define "that thing" as follows: "That he may be baptized with water and the Holy Ghost, and received into Christ's holy Church, and be made a lively member of the same." This is not in the original form separate petitions for things which may take place at different times, but the full and explicit statement of "that thing which by nature he cannot have," and which is in all its parts sought now in the sacrament of baptism. This is evident, not only from the grammatical structure of the paragraph itself, but also from the two following prayers: "Almighty and immortal God, the aid of all that need," and "we give Thee humble thanks," as well as the declaration which follows baptism: "We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock," etc., all of which were retained by Mr. Wesley in his revision of the ritual, but were almost immediately omitted by the American General Conference.

The revision of 1864 completes this elimination of the doctrine of baptismal regeneration by a complete reconstruction of the paragraph. In the first place, the phrase which combined the four after-mentioned particulars into one act or fact is omitted, and in its place the fact of the universal atonement is inserted, not as the principal objective of the sentence, but as a modifying clause, assigning a ground or reason. The explicit petitions then become the objective of the sentence, but of these, one, baptism by water, is separated and omitted, and the other three, taken together, become the object of the prayer, the answer to which is not limited to the ordinance, but left to God's time and manner of working. A little later, the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada adopted this revised form, but with a variation which did not add to its clearness.

But this revision of 1864 gives evidence of another besides the dogmatic interest. There is clearly a desire to enlarge the ritual of the Church, and to embody in it new elements for the promotion of religious life, and this extends to the introduction of new forms for the reception of members, the dedication of churches, and other public acts of religion. In these the influence of the Scottish forms or order is, perhaps, more manifest than that of the Anglican Ritual.

The revision commenced in 1864 in the United States extended its influence to our own Church, and before the union of 1883 had largely modified the ritual which was then adopted from the larger body.

The Wesleyan Methodists in England appointed a Committee for the Revision of the Book of Common Prayer for use in their churches at

the Conferences of 1874, and their work was completed and published in 1882, under the title, "The Book of Public Prayers and Services, for the use of the People called Methodists." The resolution under which this work was done authorized the "Committee to consider the subject of Revising the Liturgy and the Book of Offices, especially with a view to the removal of all expressions which are fairly susceptible of a sense contrary to the principles of our Evangelical Protestantism." This work was committed to a body of the most able and scholarly men in English Methodism, and has been completed in a conservative spirit, and with most excellent judgment. The basis of it is the Book of Common Prayer, which had been retained in a number of Wesleyan chapels from Mr. Wesley's day, and as we have seen, generally used in the administration of the Sacraments. All that is best in the services of that book is retained, and at the same time all ambiguity as to evangelical doctrine is removed. As the morning service only was used in the Wesleyan chapels, the evening service is omitted, as also all other services not in use in Methodism. The hand of the revisers is most conspicuous in the baptismal services, which are somewhat enlarged, after the model of the Scottish order. On the whole, this is, we think, the most successful Methodist revision which has yet been made.

The tendency to return to a more definite form in public worship has extended to the Presbyterian Churches, as well as to those more directly derived from the Church of England. In Great Britain three important works have been undertaken in this direction. The earliest of these is the "New Book of Common Order," prepared under the auspices of the Church Service Society of the Established Church of Scotland. Following this is a similar work, ordered and authorized by the Presbyterian Church in England. The latest is "A New Directory for the Public Worship of God," prepared by a committee of ministers and laymen of the Free Church of Scotland.

These works are all similar in plan and method. They accept the general order and principles of the Westminster Directory, but enlarge it more nearly to the Ritual form on the model of Knox's Liturgy, or the Book of Common Order. The result is a work which can be used either as a formal ritual, or as a suggestive model both of order and material for public worship and sacramental and other services. All three works are of a high order of excellence, and well worthy the attention of a student of Ritual forms.

On this continent a number of similar works have been prepared by individual ministers of the Presbyterian Churches, among others Dr. A. A. Hodges, of the American Presbyterian Church, and Dr. Somerville, of our own country. They are mentioned only as indicating the wide extent of this modern movement for greater perfection in the conduct of public worship in the House of God.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Let him in
That standeth there alone
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

—*Tennyson.*

Leaving its foam, its driftwood, on the sand,
The weary tide retreats—receding slow,
As though it would resist the almighty hand
That draws it from the land.

Deep rest has fallen round me; but I know
That in far other hollow clefts and caves
The turning waters have begun to flow
With surge and murmur low.

So with the tide of years that passes o'er
The sands of this our life; the weary waves,
Here ebbing, flow upon another shore,
But *there* shall ebb no more.

—*Arthur L. Salmon.*

A TREASURY OF LEARNING.*

BY THE REV. J. F. M'LAUGHLIN, M.A., B.D.,
Professor of Oriental Literature, Victoria University, Toronto.

The fifth volume fairly maintains the high character of its predecessors. Among the contributors are many whose workmanship is always of the best, such as Professors Driver and Margoliouth, Mr. Joseph Jacobs, Dr. Cyrus Adler, Professors Nowack and Buhl, and Dr. McCurdy, the well-known Canadian scholar. Some idea of the wide range, the variety, and the interest of the work may be obtained from an enumeration of some of the subjects treated in this volume. There is "The Garden ot Eden," by Dr. Montgomery and other writers; "Easter," by Dr. Kohler; "Embroidery," by Dr. Hirsch; "Dyes and Dyeing," by Henry Cohen and Dr. Kohler; "The Evil Eye," by Prof. Ludwig Blau; "Finance, Folklore, Freemasonry," by Joseph Jacobs; Exodus, by Dr. Jacob and Prof. Driver; Ezra, by Prof. Margoliouth; Genesis, by Drs. Jacob and Hirsch. There are articles on Fasting, Festivals, the Sacrifice of the Firstborn, Ethics, Essenes, Eschatology; biographical articles on Gamaliel, Duns Scotus, Edersheim; historical articles on Egypt, Ephesus, the Jews in France, Germany, Geneva, Edinburgh, and other countries and cities.

These articles, illustrative or descriptive of Jewish life, social, industrial or scholastic, in all lands and from the earliest times, are of intense interest, and one can begin to form from them some adequate conception of the vital connection of the Jewish people with the growth of European civilization in almost every field of thought or labour. You read of the dyers of Palestine, of Bokhara, and of Italy; the printers of Germany and Italy; the merchants and money-lenders, the physicians and philosophers, historians, antiquarians, and commentators, of almost every European country and every century of the Christian era. When one adds to this the splendid achievements of this race for the uplifting of humanity in pre-Christian times, one may well ask, What other race or nation has such a record?

Among the many interesting articles in this volume before us may be mentioned that on the Garden of Eden. The Biblical data are given and illustrated by the Babylonian stories of creation and the flood, and by the legend of Adapa, supposed by some to be Adam, found on one of the El-Amarna tablets. The second part of the article gives the Rabbinical ideas about Eden. According to the Rabbis, there were two Edens, one terrestrial and one celestial. But as to the location of the terrestrial Eden there were so many different opinions that one can sympathize with the sage observation of the compiler of the Great Midrash: "Eden is a certain place on earth, but no creature knows where it is, and the Holy One—blessed be He!—will only reveal to Israel the way to it in the days of the king Messiah."

There is a very valuable article on Jewish education in ancient and modern times. Here we learn of the work of the scribes, the district schools of the time of Christ, the academies of Palestine and Babylonia, prototype to some degree of the European universities of later days. The Rabbis attached great importance to the education of children. "By the breath from the mouths of school-children the world is sustained," said one. The Mishnah, the great legal system of the Jews, as it is set forth and commented upon in the Talmud, was the chief subject of study. But in Spain, and in Holland, and in all modern schools, the whole range of the sciences was studied. Modern

* "The Jewish Encyclopedia." A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Vol. V. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. xxi–688. Price, $6.00.

This great work grows upon one with each successive volume. It is one of the most comprehensive encyclopedias ever issued. Some idea of the thoroughness of treatment may be gained from the fact that the article on Egypt covers forty columns, with twenty-four more on Exodus; Elijah and Esther each cover eighteen, Essenes sixteen, Ethics sixteen, Eschatology twenty, England twenty-six, France, sixty, Genesis twenty-four, beside eight on the Flood.

school-children would appreciate, as well as the little Jews, one mediæval method of making education attractive. A slab, on which was printed the letters of the alphabet, was smeared with honey, that the scholars might, literally, taste the sweets of learning.

The article on Egypt is chiefly remarkable for its excellent account of the constitution and history of the Jewish communities. The extraordinary fertility of Jewish legend and fancy is well illustrated in the stories current about Elijah, who becomes a sort of patron saint, or guardian spirit, who looks after the interests of his people.

The illustrations are numerous and excellent. This enterprise, in which Christian and Jewish scholars are labouring together, with common interest and mutual good-will, is worthy of every encouragement, and the great encyclopædia which is being produced as the result of that labour will do much, in the good providence of God, to break down distrust and misunderstanding between Jew and Christian.

THE FISHER'S WIFE.

BY NORMAN W. CRAGG.

Lord God, who rul'st the water,
Whose fingers span the sea,
Thou heedest prayer? Thy daughter
Then humbly pleads with Thee.
The wind wails in the offing,
The churnèd waves are white;
Lord, mantle with Thy mercy,
All homing boats to-night!

Beneath the waves' mad eddy,
Mid ooze and grasses still,
Two fair sons, strong and ready,
Lie sleeping at Thy will.
Lo! I have given Thy creature
The children of my pain,
Nor cased my heart with murmur,—
Bereave me not again!

Grant oar and arm unfailing,—
A homeward-pointing prow;—
Each swift stroke make availing—
Secure the tiller Thou!
While there they breast Thy waters,
Thy wind, that tacks and veers,—
My latest-born, my lover
Through two-score changeful years.

Thy heart with mine is beating,—
Thou, too, hast lost a Son!—
So I, from fear retreating,
May pray: "Thy will be done."
Though madly booms Thy thunder,
And lightnings vein Thy skies,—
Eastward, the dark wrath under,
I see the glad sun rise!

Uxbridge, Ont.

DAY BY DAY.

Charge not thyself with the weight of a year,
Child of the Master, faithful and dear:
Choose not the cross for the coming week,
For that is more than He bids thee seek.
Bend not thine arms for to-morrow's load;
Thou mayest leave that to thy gracious God.
"Daily," only He saith to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow Me."

Science Notes.

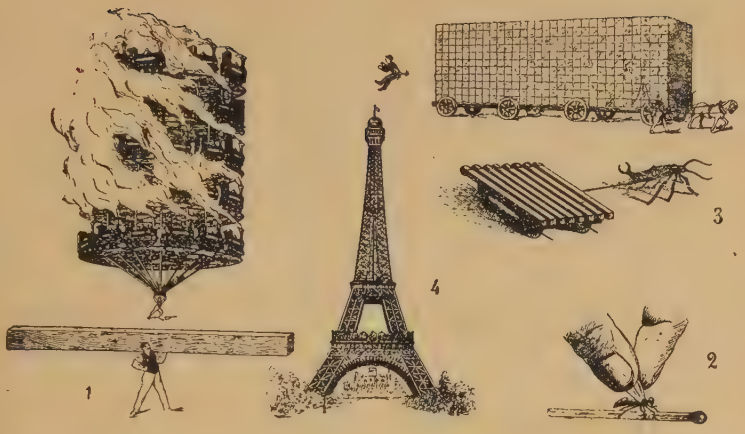


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE STRENGTH OF INSECTS.

The Great Strength of Insects.*

Every one in a general way knows of the astonishing muscular power employed by insects, and of the real tours de force which they execute either in the pursuit of prey or in defending themselves against their enemies. At the same time one rarely has a precise idea of the strength of these insects because there are few standards of comparison, although nothing is simpler than to make a correct valuation of their strength.

The wing strength of insects is known because of the work of Felix Plateau and De Lucy, who showed that these little creatures could not raise a weight much heavier than themselves, no matter what the surface of their wings. During the course of these experiments, a very interesting fact was discovered, namely, that the size of the wing decreases as the weight and size of the animal increases, a fact which explains the slow, heavy flight of the beetle and the swift, light movement of the gnat.

The case is entirely different, however, where the creature moves on a solid surface where its six feet may obtain points of support. In this case we can approximately calculate the force exercised. Take, for example, a fly by the wings, leaving the legs free so that they may seize and raise a match, as shown in figure 2. If a man wished to perform relatively equal labour he would have to raise a beam 24 1-2 feet long by 14 1-2 inches square. The earwig of figure 3, harnessed to a small chariot, drags without difficulty eight matches which for a large percheron horse would mean dragging 330 beams as long and thick as himself. The man who leaps the 300 metres of the Eiffel tower is merely repeating the action of the flea which can leap 200 times its own height. Finally, the Hercules in figure 5 is obliged to raise eighty large locomotives to equal the relative strength of an oyster, which in closing its valves exercises a force of fifteen kilograms. Thus it is a much more simple thing to calculate the strength of insects than to equal it, and our modern athletes have yet a long road to travel before they can compete with animals occupying very humble positions in the living world.

* Fr. de Zeltner in La Nature—Translated and condensed for Public Opinion.

New Problems of the Universe.

We all know that the nineteenth century was marked by a separation of the sciences into a vast number of specialties, to the subdivisions of which one could see no end. But the great work of the twentieth century will be to combine many of these

specialties. The physical philosopher of the present time is directing his thought to the demonstration of the unity of creation. Astronomical and physical researches are now being united in a way which is bringing the infinitely great and the infinitely small into one field of knowledge. Ten years ago the atoms of matter, of which it takes millions of millions to make a drop of water, were the minutest objects with which science could imagine itself to be concerned. Now, a body of experimentalists, prominent among whom stand Professors J. J. Thompson, Becquerel, and Roentgen, have demonstrated the existence of objects so minute that they find their way among and between the atoms of matter as rain-drops do among the buildings of a city. More wonderful yet, it seems likely, although it has not been demonstrated, that these little things, called "corpuscles," play an important part in what is going on among the stars. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that there do exist in the universe emanations of some sort, producing visible effects, the investigation of which the nineteenth century has had to bequeath to the twentieth.—Professor Simon Newcomb, in Harper's Magazine for November.

It is interesting to note, points out a writer in Harper's Weekly, how many great problems seem to be resolving theselves into a sort of common denominator—the problem of electromagnetic energy. Such problems as those of radium heat, auroral light, the manifestations of sun-spots, the light and heat of the sun itself, the Hertzian ethereal waves, magnetic storms, brain waves—even the constitution of matter and the organization of life—some of which seemed to lie altogether outside of the electrical scientist's domain, now all come together legitimately into his field of inquiry. The whole universe, indeed, bids fair to yield itself up to explanation, as far as it ever can be explained, by a proven theory of universal electromagnetic action.

Babylonian Excavations and Discoveries.

Dr. Herman Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, has recently returned after spending a year and a half on an exploring tour in ancient Babylonia. Over $100,000 has been expended by the university in this line of research. Dr. Hilprecht has explored the Parthian palace and unearthed the noted temple library at Nippur. The temple of Nippur, it will be remembered, dates back to 2,280 B.C., and its library deals with events long previous to the days of Abraham. Dr. Hilprecht has also discovered the historic tower of Babel, and excavated the temple of Baal, as well as collected some thousands of tablets from all periods of Babylonian history. The importance of his discoveries will not be fully known till he has completed the deciphering of the inscriptions on these tablets. Their bearing on the Old Testament will secure them world-wide attention when they are once given to the public.

"It is reported in the German press," says Richard Guenther, United States consul-general at Frankfort, in Consular Reports, September 10, "that successful experiments have been made in various forests of France in cutting trees by means of electricity. A platinum wire is heated to a white heat by an electric current, and used like a saw. In this manner the tree is felled much more easily and quickly than in the old way; no sawdust is produced, and the slight carbonization caused by the hot wire acts as a preservative of the wood. The new method is said to require only one-eighth of the time consumed by the old sawing process."

Mr. Hammer confirms the reports as to the great cost of radium, estimating it at $2,721,555.90 a pound. This is not a fanciful figure, but the quotation supplied by French manufacturers working under Professor curie's directions. The possession of this element, however, is not so desirable as one might at first think, for Professor Curie told the author that "he would not care to trust himself in a room with a kilo of radium, as it would burn all the skin off his body, destroy his eyesight, and probably kill him."

An automobile has made the ascent of Mount Washington, 6,300 feet above the sea level, in two hours and ten minutes, the distance being ten miles. This included delays in replenishing the water tank. The time was, however, about half that required by the teams that make the trips with carriages.

Current Topics and Events.

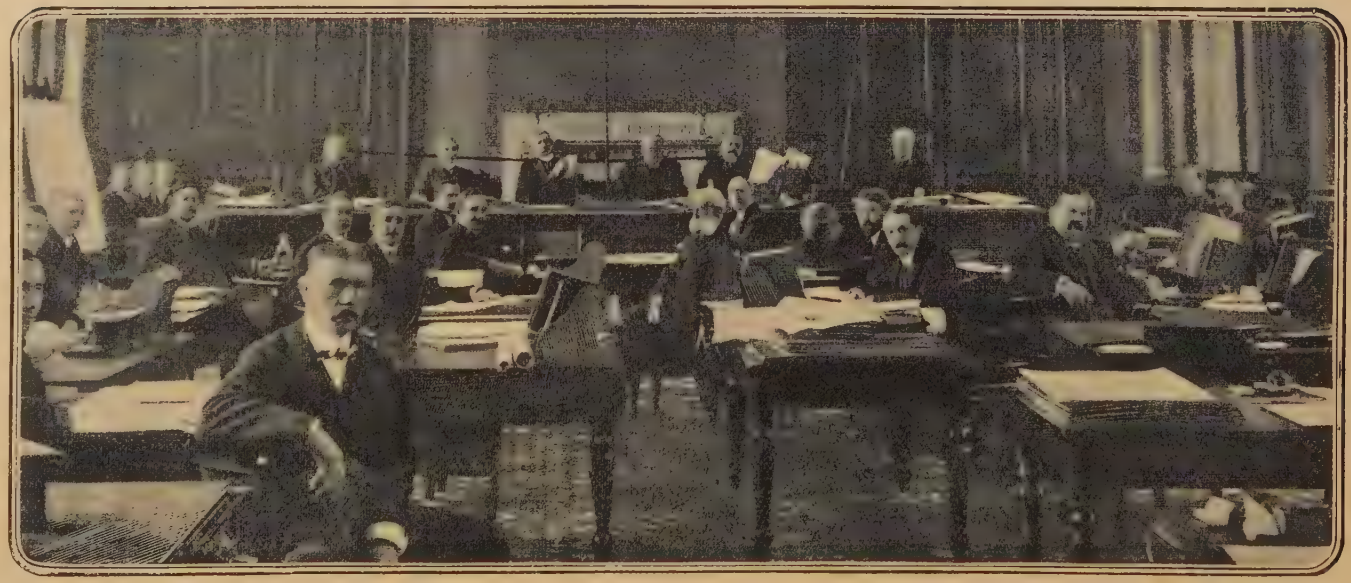
RUN AWAY AND PLAY SAM, I'M BUSY NOW
IMPERIAL PREFERENTIAL TRADE PROPOSITION!
RESOLUTIONS BY CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE AND BUSINESS MEN ADVOCATING RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA

THE TABLES TURNED—THE OTHER FELLOW DOES THE ASKING NOW.

Our Kin Across the Line.

Mr. Racey, the clever cartoonist of the Montreal Star, illustrates in the above sketch the changed attitude of Uncle Sam towards the reciprocity question. Mr. Chamberlain's proposition of preferential trade between "The Five Nations" of the British Empire—which is but following the tendency to integration shown by the unification of Germany, Italy, Canada, and the extension of the United States—has awakened Uncle Sam to a new desire for reciprocity with Canada to head off the anticipated reduction of his trade with this country. But his persistent refusal for forty years to grant a fair and honourable reciprocity has thrown Canada on her own resources and enabled her to develop her transatlantic trade to a degree that makes her comparatively independent of trade with her southern neighbour. She can, therefore, be calmly indifferent to Uncle Sam's not altogether disinterested advances, and prefer closer relations with the Old Land, which have the promise of permanence, as the Hon. G. W. Ross has shown, rather than place our trade and commerce at the mercy of an American Congress which has tried to coerce Canada into an annexation which she abhors. Such a sentiment, if it ever existed to any extent among us, is now dead as Julius Caesar. The present attitude of Canada is well shown by that of the comely damsel in the cut towards the new suitor, Uncle Sam.

American Secretaries. Sir Louis Jette. Geo. Turner. Elihu Root. Lord Alverstone. A. B. Aylesworth. H. C. Lodge. F. C. Wade. Hon. Clifford Sifton.



J. M. Dickinson. J. W. Foster. Sir C. Robinson. L. P. Duff.

THE ALASKAN COMMISSION.

LORD ALVERSTONE,
By whose vote Canada lost her case.
—Canadian-American.

The Alaska Commission.

The accompanying cut was ordered from New York to accompany our notes on the Alaskan award in last number of this Magazine. It did not, however, reach us in time for insertion. It will be seen that besides the six commissioners a large array of counsel and clerks were present. For the first time in the history of such negotiations, the proceedings were stenographically reported day by day, together with an ample daily index prepared by the head stenographer. The chief members of the photo-group are indicated. It is certainly a better way to settle international disputes with discussions around a green table than by the "brutum fulmen" of war. Even after fighting it is the diplomats who have to settle the details, after all. Much as Canada feels chagrined and injured by what we consider the latest, let us hope the last, of many adverse decisions, we will loyally abide by it.

There is considerable unrest in Australia over the proposed secession of Queensland from the Federal Union. The Australian confederation is as yet only two years old, and it is a matter to be regretted that the subject of secession should already be suggested. The trouble is over the labour question. A law is proposed to exclude Kanaka labourers from the country. But Queensland has a large number of Kanaka employees, since it is impossible to get whites to do the work on the sugar and coffee plantations. The constitution, however, does not provide for secession, and the only way to this end seems to be an act of repeal or civil war.

Seizing the Opportunity.

The secession of Panama may be regarded as an accomplished fact, a fact that cannot now be altered. Colombia is powerless to reannex the revolting province, backed, as it is, by the power of the United States. The criticisms of the part played by the President, his Secretary of State, and the Congress depend largely on party affiliations. The Democratic papers denounce the action of the Federal Government as "a clear act of spoliation and perfidy." The Chicago American says: "In every aspect the Panama foray is nefarious. Besides being a rough-riding assault upon another republic over the shattered wreckage of international law and diplomatic usage, it is a quite unexampled instance of foul play in American politics." The Philadelphia Ledger thinks "the nation has thrown over the Ten Commandments, and enrolled itself among the national freebooters." The London Outlook uses even more severe language, which we do not care to quote. The predominant feeling expressed, however, is one of grim satisfaction.

The Independent says: "The new canal treaty gives to the United States virtually absolute ownership in perpetuity of the essential parts of the Republic's territory." The Detroit

UNCLE SAM'S NEW BABY.
—Epworth Herald.

MAP SHOWING THE PANAMA REPUBLIC.

News, however, frankly says: "Let us not be mealy-mouthed about this. We want Panama. We had better not lie about it, or pretend that we can have it otherwise than by the strong hand, which will be our only title to it in the end, and is our title to every acre of the earth's surface which is ours."

There is no question that it is better for civilization that the canal be constructed promptly, but the mode of doing it is one which will not be a proud page in the annals of the American Republic. The foreign holders of Colombian bonds will have good cause to complain that that State has been deprived of its most valuable asset. Its paper currency, which was worth less than a cent on the dollar, is now practically worth nothing. Our map shows the relations of the revolted province and its stepmother country.

The ten millions of dollars which little Panama, though only one-tenth of the population of Colombia, receives, without offering a penny to that country or its creditors, amounts to one hundred and sixty dollars for every family in the isthmus, many of them half-naked negroes or Indians—a very potent bribe for their gift of that which did not belong to them.

An American paper works off the wonderful story that if Canada should secede from the mother country—a remarkably big "if"—it would establish a kingdom with some British princeling for their king. No thanks; Edward VII. is good enough for us.

The Weary Titan.

Great Britain is seldom without her little wars in some part or other of the world-wide territory which it is her duty to police and protect. Just now she is shipping camels to Somaliland to subdue the new Mad Mullah. She is suppressing revolt of Arab tribes in the vicinity of Aden. She is guarding with her gunboats the littoral of the Persian Gulf. She is hiring by the thousand, yaks, a short-legged, hairy-coated species of ox, to forward her military expedition into Thibet. The real object, says an English paper, is the frustration of Russian designs upon Thibet and India. Russia, as is well known, is striving for political ascendency at Lhassa. With the expedition it is hoped at the outset to enforce the trade agreements made with India in 1890, which are now ignored by Thibet. Thibet threatens to become another Afghanistan, with Lhassa as Kabul, unless the ascendency of the Russians can be checked, and the native Government made to

TYPICAL LANDSCAPE.
A sandy plateau surrounded by high mountains, in Western Thibet.

see that its best security lies in co-operative defence with India.

Russia is said to be building and manning forts to resist British approach. Thibet is one of the most difficult countries in the world to traverse, a high and bleak plateau, where drifts of sand and snow almost defy all attempts at civilized industries, surrounded by an almost impenetrable wall of mountains. Yet in the hands of Russia it would become a menace to British interests in both India and China. Should it become a British protectorate it would give immense prestige to the country so largely controlling and moulding the destinies of the five hundred millions of Buddhists in the world.

The Merry War.

The fiscal fight goes on merrily in England. Mr. Chamberlain, by his evident sincerity, his energy, his dexterity in argument and force of appeal, has won many friends for his policy. The free-traders have made a strong rally, and have achieved many popular successes. A good deal of humour has been imported into the contest, and the cartoonists have exercised their usual ingenuity in extolling or deriding the claims of the opposing parties. Our little cut shows the "open mind" of Mr. Chamberlain in pouring in protection ideas into his own head, which was long closed to such convictions. His friends refer

THE OPEN MIND.—A JOSEPHAN FRAGMENT.
—The Westminster Budget, London.

AN AGGRIEVED LADY.

Miss Canada: "Don't talk of preferential tariff, Joe—I want preferential arbitration."
—De Amsterdammer Weekblad.

to the passage in Genesis xlii. 6; "Pharaoh said to all the Egyptians, Go unto Joseph, what he saith to you, do." His enemies point to the further fact that Joseph gathered up all the money that was in the land, and all the cattle, and bought all the land for Pharaoh; but they omit to say that this was to save the people from destruction by famine. Only a general election can decide what shall be the issue of the fiscal fight.

EUROPE AT THE PLAY.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

O languid audience met to see
The last act of the tragedy
On that terrific stage afar,
Where burning towns the footlights are—
O listless Europe, day by day
Callously sitting out the play!

So sat, with loveless count'nance cold,
Round the arena, Rome of old.
Pain, and the ebb of life's red tide,
So, with a calm regard, she eyed,
Her gorgeous vesture, million-pearled,
Splashed with the blood of half the world.

High was her glory's noon: as yet
She had not dreamed her sun had set!
Another's pangs she counted nought;
Of human hearts she took no thought;
But God, at nightfall, in her ear
Thundered His thought exceeding clear.

Religious Intelligence.

Methodist Missionary Convention, Philadelphia.

The needs of the home field, as well as the foreign, were thoroughly discussed. If you are pessimistic, get into the thick of one of these great missionary gatherings, and your pessimism will melt like snow before the sun. Though the speakers acknowledged the vastness of the work undone, yet they are perfectly assured it can be accomplished in the strength of God. Said Bishop Thoburn: "When I return to India, starting next week, I shall baptize more hundreds than I baptized individuals in my first years."

Certainly the world is in the midst of a missionary revival, but with the growth of the work comes the increasing need of funds and workers, that the harvest be not lost. Dr. Leonard summarized very well the work of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church: "It entered the foreign field in 1833, in Africa. After much depression, Africa now comes to great forwardness. Liberia Conference prospers. Angola and Rhodesia make two very promising missions. In South America, in China, are great missions. In China one-fourth of all the Protestants belong to us. In Europe several Conferences flourish. In India we have seven Conferences, with over 130,000 members, and the man who baptized the first convert is now on this platform. Bulgaria and Rome were entered next. All Italy is open to us, and marked progress attends our efforts. Japan now holds two Methodist Conferences, and last, in Korea, we have the ripest field in all the world."

Methodist Episcopal Missions.

At the annual meeting of the General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in Omaha, Neb., in November, the treasurer's report showed an increase over last year of $136,974.89, reaching a total of a million and a half.

A motion was made by Dr. Goucher for the appropriation of $40,000 for the dissemination of missionary informa-

tion, particularly among Sunday-school children. There was a lengthy debate, after which $35,000 was appropriated to this end.

In reference to the Negro problem, the Methodist Episcopal Church proclaims herself, as she ever has been, the friend of the negro, her purpose to stimulate self-help.

One of the most spiritual and profitable sessions during the week was that devoted to South America. Bishop Joyce told of a remarkable pentecostal meeting in Rosario, in which those who had participated in the exercises had done so in their own native tongues, there being not less than eight or ten languages represented.

The total appropriations for the foreign field, including the $75,000 for property uses, amount to $785,396.

From Doubt to Faith.

So much has been heard during late years of the drift from faith to scepticism, says The Literary Digest, that it will come as a surprise to many to be told that there is an equally strong current setting in the opposite direction. Prof. James Orr, of the United Free Church College, Glasgow, who has given special study to the subject, and claims to speak as an expert, is impressed by the headway which Christianity has made among freethinkers, and declares that he has in his possession a list of some twenty-eight secularist leaders in England and Scotland who have become Christians. Professor Tait, before his death, a number of years ago, came across an article in which there was just a lot of this claptrap that you hear so often, about men of science all being sceptics, and it rather set up the good man's back. He wrote an article in which he simply asked the question : "Who are the greatest men of science of our time?" He went over the list of them, and then he asked : "How many of these are sceptics?" And he could not find a sceptic in the whole of his list. That was Professor Tait. As for Lord Kelvin, just the other month, the first day of May, in London, he electrified the scientific world at the close of a scientific lecture by declaring there, in the face of the world, that it was all nonsense to say that science had disproved or thrown any doubt upon creative power and energy. On the contrary, he said, science demonstrates, science proves, the existence and reality of creative power and intelligence.

More Sayings of Jesus.

At the general meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund in London, says The Outlook, Dr. Bernard Grenfell gave interesting details concerning a new "find" of papyri, buried since the second century, a hundred miles south of Cairo. Most of the documents from one mound consisted of a collection purporting to be sayings of Jesus. They are all introduced with the words, "Jesus saith," and for the most part are new. The ends of the lines, unfortunately, are often obliterated, Apparently all the sayings were addressed to St. Thomas, and, according to Dr. Grenfell, formed part of the missing gospel traditionally associated with that saint's name. One of the most remarkable of the sayings is : "Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder ; wondering, he shall reach the kingdom, and when he reaches the kingdom, he shall have rest." Interest will be specially aroused by these discoveries on account of the variations from accepted texts. For instance, the variant of the saying recorded in St. Luke, "The Kingdom of God is within you," appears in quite different surroundings from those attributed to it by the evangelist. A variation of Luke xi. 52, is : "Ye have hidden the key of knowledge ; ye entered not yourselves, and to them that were entering in ye did not open." Another fragment contains an alleged discourse of Christ closely related to passages of the Sermon on the Mount, and a conversation between Christ and his disciples."

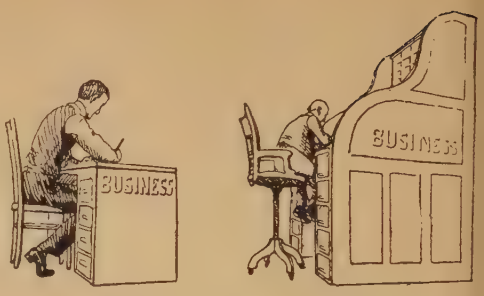
A Great Mission Press.

Beirut, Syria, says The Missionary Review, holds the second largest mission press in the world, being surpassed only by the one in Shanghai, and by printing in Arabic the Bible and many other books, it is invaluable as an evangelizing agency. Starting in Malta in 1822, removed to Beirut in 1834, it has now attained to five steam and six hand presses, two type foundries, etc. Hence there have been issued 703,000,000 pages, including 600,000 copies of the Bible and parts. Probably it is doing more than all

other agencies to affect the Mohammedan world throughout India, Persia, Turkey, Arabia, and North Africa to the Atlantic.

DON'T GROW SMALL AS YOUR BUSINESS GROWS LARGE.

There are few things nobler than to see a man master of his business, and using it as his servant for promoting the welfare of himself and his household, the glory of God and the benefit of the commonweal. It sometimes happens, however, that as a man's business increases it becomes a tyrant and the manager its slave. It grows so huge that it shuts out all other interests, and the man becomes the serf of a sordid greed instead of God's freeman. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his life—his true and real life?



Don't grow small as your business grows large.
—Ram's Horn.

The Methodist Year Book informs us that the first three years of the twentieth century, as far as the Methodist Episcopal Church is concerned, "have been characterized by a considerable gain in membership and a remarkable increase in contributions to the official benevolence of the Church." There are now 28,213 churches, a gain of 983 over 1900, with a valuation of $131,303,120, an increase of $13,193,723 over 1900; 12,067 parsonages, an increase of 878 over 1900, with a value of $21,569,488, which is an increase of $2,714,225. The membership, including probationers, is fixed at 3,029,560, which is an increase for the year of 29,265, and an increase over 1900 of 99,886.

"I have found faith in our Chinese Christians," says the Rev. J. Macgowan, of Amoy, "for I know they are easily stirred when some case that affects the interest of Christ's Kingdom is concerned. . . . All the churches in my district are self-supporting this year. Thank God for that! I feel there are large resources among our churches that we have not yet touched. The Chinese are a money-loving people—almost as much so as the English!—but when their hearts are touched they can be as lavish as though money had no hold upon them whatsoever."

During the period of eighty-one years from the printing of Dr. Morrison's Chinese New Testament in 1813 to 1894, the total circulation, including the Scriptures given away before the principle of selling was established, was about 5,500,000 volumes. In the last eight years, from 1894 to 1902, the circulation has been over 4,060,000 volumes, of which 51,000 were whole Bibles and 184,000 New Testaments. Of this number all but about 100,000 were sold.

Five years ago the vast inland province of Hunan was closed to all foreigners and in an attitude of overt and aggressive hostility to the Christian religion. It was from Hunan that, in 1891, a stream of infamous placards and literature issued which inflamed the whole province and led to the riot and massacres that soon after occurred in the Yang-tse valley. A marvellous change in the situation is apparent to-day. In a letter written early in July, Mr. Byrde tells of thirteen missions now peacefully working in Hunan, having a force of rather more than fifty missionaries, thirty of whom had recently met for conference in Chang-sa, the capital of the province. Every Fu city (capital of a prefecture) in Hunan, with one exception, is actually, or will be this year, occupied by foreign workers. It will be lamentable indeed if, through lack of men and means, the opportunity of evangelizing the great areas surrounding these centres is lost.

Cheuntung Liang Cheng has these appreciative words concerning missions, which should serve as an "antidote" to the pessimistic conclusions of the wiseacre globe-trotters. In general, he thinks they deserve the bulk of the credit for the opening of China to trade. And of the schools he says: "Many of them are of high standard, and command universal respect." As to another branch of evangelizing work, he states this conclusion: "That which, above all else, has

opened the way for missions is the presence of the medical missionaries, with their hospitals and dispensaries, some two hundred in number. They are revolutionizing Chinese ideas of the proper treatment of the sick."

Herbert Spencer.

By the not unexpected death of Herbert Spencer, the world loses the greatest thinker, in our judgment, since the days of Bacon. His synthetic philosophy was the most daring and comprehensive generalization since the writing of the Novum Organum. In the first number of this magazine, nine and twenty years ago, the present writer wrote of Spencer's new philosophy as follows :

"He is reverent and devout in his discussion of those first principles of religion which lie at the foundation of all philosophy. He claims for his system, that, so far from being atheistic, it is the only one that demonstrates the existence of a God. Instead of Goliath-like hurling defiance against the army of the living God, he claims to be a champion of the truth. His new philosophy certainly contains some of the grandest generalizations that have been uttered since Bacon's time, and they have been clothed with a beauty of language, and enforced with a felicity of illustration not unworthy of that great master. The grandeur of his scheme is not excelled by that of the Instauratio Scientiarum, and even the acute mind of Aristotle furnishes examples of no more subtle reasoning than many of Spencer's lines of argument. His practical contributions to the noble science of education are of great and universally-admitted value. His influence, as the most distinguished apostle, if not the founder, of the doctrine of evolution, on a great intellectual movement of his time, at least entitles his system of philosophical teaching to a respectful consideration."

We see little to change in that estimate of Herbert Spencer and his work. The word "evolution," which thirty years ago was regarded as a bugbear, has been almost universally accepted as the key of God's plan of creation. "Evolution," says John Morley, "is not a force, but a process ; not a cause, but a law." We do not know that Spencer's extension of his philosophy to the sphere of ethics is as convincing as that in the phenomena of physics.

Henry Clay Trumbull.

The many readers of The Sunday-school Times, and many who are not, have heard with profound regret of the death of that veteran Sunday-school worker, Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull. Few men have so moulded the life and thought of Sunday-school teachers and scholars as has he. To him the high plane of Biblical instruction in this and other lands is very largely due. He attributes his conversion to a letter from a friend of his boyhood when he was a young man in a railroad office, urging him to accept Christ as his personal Saviour. What a reward for the writing of that letter was the subsequent fifty years of that busy life. As a writer of many books, as an explorer in Bible lands, as an editor of far-reaching influence, as a public speaker and preacher of national influence, he has served his generation by the will of God and fallen asleep. He has left on record the statement that from no kind of work has he traced such immediate and lasting results as from the face to face and soul to soul endeavours to win men to a Christian life.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

Auf wiedersehen ! For we shall meet before
The throne of God. The drifting snows confuse
Thy footprints. Down the echoing wind I lose
Thy voice. So be it. We shall meet once more.

When from the grave of Time thou com'st again
To front my soul in judgment, witness bear
To error, failure, sin ; but oh, my prayer,
My strife, forget thou not ! Auf wiedersehen.

—*Katherine Lec Bates.*

Book Notices.

"Laura Bridgman." Dr. Howe's Famous Pupil, and What He Taught Her. By Maud Howe and Florence Howe Hall. With Illustrations from drawings by John Elliott. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-390.

More fascinating than a novel, truth stranger than fiction, is this story of the rescue from a mere animal existence of a human soul. Laura Bridgman, deaf, dumb, blind, and with a very imperfect sense of taste or smell, was seemingly cut off for ever from communion with her kind, and doomed to perpetual isolation and ignorance. Yet she became a bright, intelligent, happy Christian woman, who lived for sixty years in her narrow world a life of usefulness. The faith and love and skill and unwearied patience of Dr. Howe wrought this moral miracle.

The story of Dr. Howe himself is one of strange romance. Born in Boston in the first year of the nineteenth century, he graduated in Brown University, and in his twentieth year began the study of medicine. In the Greek revolution of that time he heard a call from Macedonia, "Come over and help us." For ten years he gave his life to that patriotic struggle—in perils by sea and land, in hunger and cold and nakedness. He raised large sums for the aid of the struggling Greeks, and also for the Poles, when in revolt against the Russians. He was rescued from a Prussian prison by the American minister, but was banished for ever from Prussia. All his life long he was a knight-errant in defence of the slave, the oppressed, the suffering.

His great life-work, however, was his forty years' administration of the Perkins Institute, the first American school for the blind. None of his achievements in his conflict with the Turks can equal his rescue, like a new Perseus, of this mute Andromeda from a bondage of sense. It required infinite patience to arouse the soul, and teach it to think and speak and write; the record of which is a remarkable study in psychology, and a contribution of vast importance to pedagogical science. The eyes of educationists in two hemispheres were fixed upon this New England child. This achievement is all the more marked because it occurred sixty years before Helen Keller became the world's second wonder of an educated, blind, deaf mute. Charles Dickens writes of little Laura: "There she was, before me; built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound; with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help, that an immortal soul might be awakened."

The religious training of this child was wise and patient, and developed a noble moral character. "The annual reports of Dr. Howe were awaited," writes his daughter, "as eagerly as the instalment of a new novel, for they contained new truths stranger and more wonderful than any fiction." They were translated into several foreign languages. Laura Bridgman became a member and regular communicant of the Baptist Church. In her physical isolation she learned of the famine in Ireland, and earned money enough, by knitting with her own fingers, to send a barrel of flour to the famine-stricken sufferers. Her greatest grief was the death of her more than father, Dr. Howe. Her own departure was an euthanasia. Her comforts in her illness were her Bible and that world classic, "The Imitation of Christ." Of her instructor, Whittier writes: "O for a knight like Bayard!"

Wouldst know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.

Dr. O. W. Holmes adds:

He touched the eyelids of the blind,
And lo! the veil withdrawn,
As o'er the midnight of the mind
He led the light of dawn.

And Charles T. Brooks describes him as finding a way

To guide the groping, struggling mind
From its dark labyrinth into day.

"Austro-Hungarian Life in Town and Country." By Francis H. E. Palmer. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii-301. Price $1.20 net.

This is another of that series of admirable books on European peoples which we have reviewed with such commendation. Each volume is written by an author who has lived long in the country described, and knows every aspect of its life. They are better than any book of travel or mere historical record, because they reveal the social, religious, educational, political, and racial relations of the people discussed. In the account of Austro-Hungary, the last is particularly important. So complex are the elements of the dual empire, that Teuton, Slav, Magyar, and half a dozen other races and languages ma the Austro-Hungarian problem one of the most difficult in Europe. The country was long the bulwark against Ottoman invasion. Again and again the Turkish tide rolled up to the very walls of Vienna, and then, shattered and defeated, ebbed slowly away. The gay insouciance of the Austrian character is well illustrated in the account of both court and peasant life. The industrial resources of the empire are shown to be richer than those of any other part of Europe. We have travelled through Austria-Hungary from Belgrade and Budapesth to Vienna and Prague, and can bear witness to the photographic fidelity of the descriptions of both town and country which are here given.

"Danish Life in Town and Country." By Jessie Brochner. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii-266.

Denmark is a striking contrast to Austria-Hungary, in that its people are thoroughly homogeneous both in race and religion. One of the smallest of European nations, it has been unconquered for a thousand years. No country gives greater attention to education. Its university is absolutely free to all comers. In its schools poor children receive hot dinners, in some cases clothing and shoes and medical and dental attendance. Nowhere has co-operative farming and dairying been pursued with such good results. It receives annually $7,500,000 above the current rate paid to other countries for its butter, bacon and eggs. It is thoroughly democratic, and at the court of the "Father-in-law of Europe" may be sometimes seen half a score of kings and potentates who attract no more attention than a Cook's tourist. It holds the first place among newspaper-reading nations, and is the only country that maintains a religious daily. Its care for the poor and aged is not equalled in Europe. The chapters on folk-lore, folk feasts and customs are of much interest.

"Comments of John Ruskin on the Divina Commedia." Compiled by George P. Huntington. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv-201. Price, $1.25 net.

Ruskin did not begin the study of Dante till after his twenty-sixth year. He had never read a line except the story of Ugolino. But amid the environment of the "divine poet" at Pisa, Florence, and Fiesole, the spell of the master gripped his soul and coloured his whole life. Though he wrote no formal treatise on Dante, yet these two hundred pages of comment on the Tuscan sage and seer are gleaned from his writings. Many o these comments strikingly interpret and illumine the pages of Dante as only one poet can illustrate another. The high moral ideals of both Dante and his critic are strikingly shown. Professor George Eliot Norton, one of the profoundest living commentators on Dante, writes an appreciative introduction.

"Immortality a Rational Faith." The Predictions of Science, Philosophy, and Religion on a Future Life. By William Chester. Chicago, New York, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 207. Price, $1.00 net.

The Rev. William Chester is a distinguished Presbyterian minister, a graduate of Princeton College and of Union Theological College. He demonstrates the rationality of a belief in immortality by clear and cogent arguments derived from science, philosophy, and religion. His conclusion is as follows: "It is worth while to love deeply, devotedly, passionately, even with 'death shadowing us and ours,' for love is stronger than death, and love will find its complete fulfilment. It is worth while to take up life, with all its sufferings and mys-

teries, and to be 'steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord,' forasmuch as we know that our 'labour is not in vain.'"

"Latin America." The Pagans, the Papists, the Patriots, the Protestants and the Present Problem. By Hubert W. Brown, M.A. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 308. Price, $1.20 net.

Of special interest, in connection with our series of papers on South-American countries, will be found this volume on their religious condition and progress, the expiring paganism of the natives, the superstitions and often semi-paganism of the Catholic period, and the dawning light of Protestantism, which is destined to shine more and more unto the perfect day. In this good work the Methodist Church is bearing a noble part. In the republic of Mexico, where it was once bitterly persecuted, it commands not merely toleration, but respect and admiration. Good Bishop Taylor inaugurated the work in South America, which has been zealously followed up by the Church which he so grandly represented.

"Work." By Hugh Black, M.A. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 213.

Few books of its kind have ever been so successful as Black's book on Friendship, of which 45,000 copies have been sold. The present work is on the same high plane of thought, and has the same charm of expression. It is still more practical in its character than his former book. It treats of the moral need and the duty of work, the sin of idleness, the fruits and ideal of work, its gospel and its consecration, and the happy alternation of work and rest. It is a little classic in its way.

"Glimpses of Truth." With Essays on Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. By Right Rev. J. L. Spaulding. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 249. Price, 80 cents net.

We had the pleasure of reviewing an admirable volume of poems by Bishop Spaulding in a recent issue of this magazine. The present volume maintains the high character of that book. The elevation of thought and terseness of expression recalls the immortal "Pensees" of Paschal. Note, for instance, the following: "We truly pray only for what we persistently work for." "If thou wouldst persuade and convince, speak what thy own experience has taught thee, ex homine, and not ad hominem." Two thoughtful essays on these noble pagans, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, evince critical insight and breadth of sympathy. The one was a slave-born philosopher of the days of Nero, the other the master of the world, whose reign was like the last gleam of sunshine before the long night of the Dark Ages settled upon Europe. They were alike in their strivings after a higher life than that of the senses, but their philosophy of stoicism, even at its best, failed to meet the large needs of the human soul.

"Bishop Butler." An appreciation, with the best passages of his writings. Selected and arranged by Alexander Whyte, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 223. Price, 3s. 6d.

This great preacher and philosopher, like his contemporaries, Locke, Newton, Berkeley, Law, and Johnson, is not as much read as formerly. The greatness and gravity of his theme ill accord with the frame of mind induced by the wide and often shallow flood of current literature. Dr. Whyte, whose study of Newman we so strongly commended, gives us here a companion volume on the great Christian philosopher, an edition of whose immortal "Analogy" was Mr. Gladstone's latest work. In two hundred pages he gives us copious citations of many of Butler's strongest utterances with lucid and luminous comment.

"The Heart of Rome." By Francis Marion Crawford. Author of "Cecilia," etc., etc. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Pp. 396. Price, $1.50.

Few living writers know Rome so well as Marion Crawford. He has lived in the ancient city for many years, and is in keen sympathy with its progress and aspirations. The chief actor in this story is a Venetian archæologist, who had won fame by his discoveries at Carthage. He is employed by Baron Volterra, a Roman senator, to make explorations beneath

the palace of the ancient Conti family, which had come into his hands by foreclosure of a mortgage, for subterranean treasures. He discovers a colossal gilt bronze statue, and is exposed to imminent peril by the flooding of the excavation by one of the very ancient subterranean streams of Rome, "The Lost Water," which has greatly puzzled archæologists. The statue now stands in the rotunda of the Vatican, and was discovered when the writer of the tale was a boy at Rome. A very ingenious and complicated plot of Roman life and society is woven around this curious incident, the narration of which keeps the reader on the qui vive till its happy denouement.

"The Life of Edwin Wallace Parker, D.D. By J. H. Messmore. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00 net.

It is with pride and pleasure that we note that at a representative meeting of missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, one of our own countrymen, the Rev. J. H. Messmore, a former member of the old Canadian Conference, was chosen by them as the biographer of Bishop Parker. Mr. Messmore has nobly accomplished his task. The book gathers strength as the writer proceeds with the story of that wonderful man who, for forty-one years, rejoiced in active missionary service in India. Mr. Messmore follows Dr. Parker from his boyhood's home among the Vermont hills to his last resting-place on a ledge of the Himalayas. Dr. Parker's cheerful battle with ill-health, and various other discouragements, and his manifold labours, both mental and manual, make the study of his life an inspiration. The book is not only a faithful record of the lives of Bishop and Mrs. Parker, but also gives a wealth of information concerning Methodist missions in India.

"Poems of the New Century." First Series. Minor lyric and narrative poems. By Robert S. Jenkins. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 173. Price, $1.00.

This is another volume of high-class Canadian verse, for the issue of which our publishing house has won such a reputation. It is prefaced by a thoughtful essay on the lyric poetry of Keats, exhibiting much fine discrimination. The author is very happy in his classical verse, as is befitting a Trinity man. There are a number of stirring patriotic poems, others descriptive of varied aspects of Canadian life, which exhibit keen sympathy with nature. There is an air of distinction about the make-up of this book that commends it to people of taste.

"Report of the Bureau of Mines, 1903." Printed by Order of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario. Toronto: Printed and published by L. K. Cameron, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

The mineral wealth of Ontario is becoming more and more fully recognized as one of the most valuable assets of the Premier Province. Its remarkable development in recent years is a striking illustration that this is Canada's "growing time." The Bureau of Mines is rendering important service to the country by its Summer Mining Schools and its annual reports. One of the most interesting chapters, in view of the recent coal shortage, is that on peat fuel, its manufacture and use. The Sudbury nickel deposits are fully treated, as are its other manifold mining interests.

"The Sunday-Night Service." A Study in Continuous Evangelism. By Wilbur Fletcher Sheridan. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 244. Price, $1.00.

Sunday night is the preacher's grand opportunity. Then, in this country at least, the congregations are larger, there is time for an after-meeting, the preacher can get in close grips with the people. The old Gospel needs no substitute for reaching the masses. It is still true, as never before, "And I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." This book indicates wise methods for Sunday-night work.

"Missions and World Movements." By Bishop Charles H. Fowler. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 103. Price, 25 cents net.

This stirring address rings like the peal of a clarion. It is a comprehensive survey of the great world problems which concern the Christian Church and summon it to the grandest emprise which it ever faced. It is marked by all Bishop Fowler's fervid and lofty eloquence.

"Wesley Studies." By Various Writers. With examples of unpublished letters, diaries, and journals. London: Chas. H. Kelly, Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 237.

In this volume are grouped a number of admirable bicentenary studies of John Wesley by such distinguished writers as W. L. Watkinson, J. S. Simon, M. and George C. Curnock, G. Stringer Rowe, and many others. They treat the great reformer and his work from almost every aspect, and will be found of special interest in this bicentenary year.

"Essays on Great Writers." By Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr. Crown 8vo. $1.50 net. Postage, 13 cents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

These nine essays, chiefly reprinted from The Atlantic, are distinguished by a remarkably fresh and vital note. This book deals mainly with such great, healthy men of letters as Scott, Thackeray, Macaulay, Montaigne, and Cervantes,—always with firm, critical handling, yet with a wealth of asides and a vivid touch of personality which give to his work an unusual infusion of the breath of life.

"The Canon of Reason and Virtue." (Lao-Tze's Tao Teh King.) Translated from the Chinese by Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. iv-43. Price, 25 cents net.

This is a curiosity in literature, a philosophical treatise by a famous author born 604 B.C., or half a century before Confucius. Each of these writers founded a school of thought, which have existed side by side for twenty-five centuries in the most populous empire in the world. Certainly they are a phenomenon worthy of our study.

"Tolstoy and His Message." By Ernest Howard Crosby. Author of "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," etc. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 93. Price, 50 cents net.

Mr. Crosby is himself the American Tolstoy in his protest against war and injustice. He gives here an illuminative interpretation of Tolstoy's principles, recounts the story of his life and tests his preaching by the Christian spirit, and gives many examples of the success of their application in modern life.

"System of Christian Doctrine." By Henry C. Sheldon. Professor in Boston University, and author of "History of Christian Doctrine" and "History of the Christian Church." Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. xi-635. Price, $2.50.

THE WEB OF YEARS.

From out of the loom of time the years
  Unroll a fabric all must wear:
The woof of joys, the warp of tears,
Are spun by moving hopes and fears
  And pressed by weighty, rolling care.

What measure unto each is given?
  A span may gauge the greatest parts;
And yet the least from earth to heaven
Doth reach, as in the quiet even,
  Short prayers sent up from children's hearts.

The web too quickly for us all
  Is wove, while pass the shuttles fleet;
And when the threads have ceased to fall,
Death throws it o'er us as our pall,
  Or round us as our winding-sheet.